

Atlantic

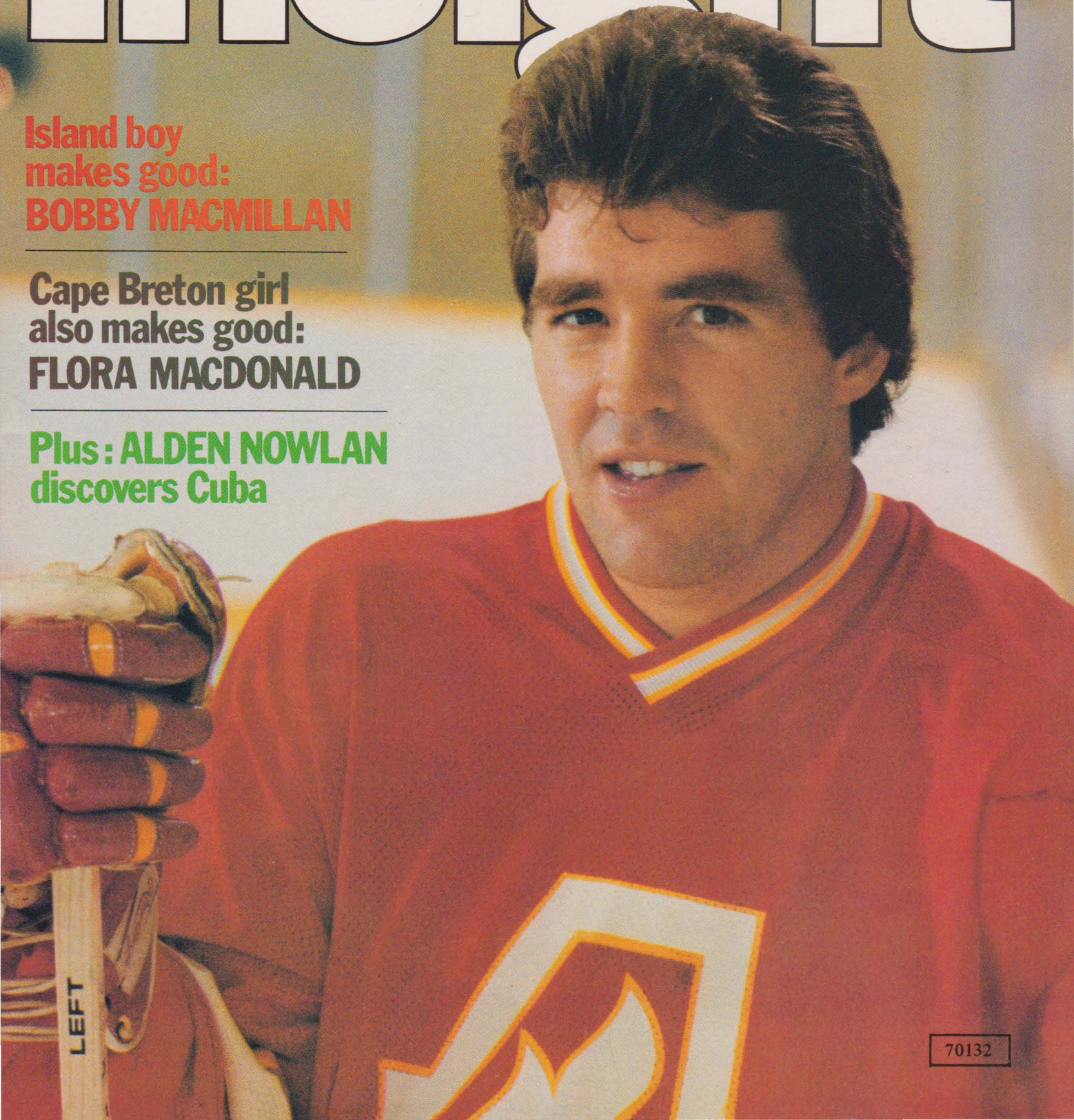
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Insight

**Island boy
makes good:
BOBBY MACMILLAN**

**Cape Breton girl
also makes good:
FLORA MACDONALD**

**Plus: ALDEN NOWLAN
discovers Cuba**



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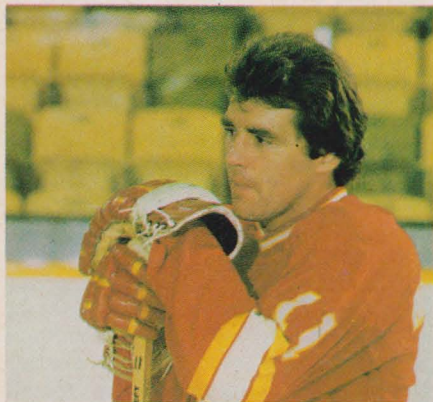
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Atlantic Insight

November 1979, Vol. 1 No. 8



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Cover Story: P.E.I. is one, big Bobby MacMillan Fan Club. Toronto sports-writer Earl McRae went to the Island to talk to Bobby—and joined up

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY JULIEN LEBOURDAIS



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Editor's Letter

Ace Toronto sportswriter finds the real P.E.I.



You could hardly find a slicker city-slicker to send to the Island than Earl McRae, who wrote our cover story on the Island's own Bobby MacMillan (page 26). Earl is Sports Editor of *The Canadian/Weekend*, the color supplement that reaches millions of Canadians in Saturday newspapers; and, though he lives outside the city at Bolton, the magazine's office is in central Toronto. For a dozen years now, he's been very much a Toronto Man. By that, I mean only that he thrives in a certain environment, like a fox among Island dunes. He's at home among the glistening towers, sumptuous bars, heavy traffic and absorbing trade gossip of the media capital of English-speaking Canada.

He's the best magazine sportswriter in Canada, and one of the best anywhere. Twice, he's shut out other sportswriters to win National Magazine Awards. He sells stuff regularly to the world's top sportswriting market, *Sports Illustrated*; and, now and then, he pops up in New York to drink with American masters of his trade. Earl has been to the locker-rooms, press boxes, ringsides and front offices of sports palaces in

big-league cities all over the continent. He's a big-leaguer himself, and it's in the nature of his business that the big-leaguers spend their lives mostly as city-slickers.

A bit more about Earl. I guess it's clear that I like him. This is partly because, unlike many of us writers, he's a funny man to have around your house. He's like a stand-up comedian, with soul. More than that, it's because he worries desperately over his work. He sells himself to a story, body and soul. He sweats. He is prose-proud and full of humility. He shares with me the absurd notions that good magazine writing is fantastically important, and that not trying hard enough is a betrayal of the craft. Typically, he flawlessly typed his story on MacMillan; it required from me only a few ghostly pencil strokes. Typically, he wrote me a troubled letter, apologizing because he just wasn't sure the piece was working. It was. In ways I'd not expected.

When he went to the Island, his job was to write a competent profile of the Mr. Nice of the NHL, who also happened to be a hotshot goal-scorer. Earl did that, but he also did much more.

Nothing he'd learned in the hustling, me-first cities of North America had prepared him for what he met on the Island: Astoundingly friendly people. He suffered a kind of culture shock, only "suffered" is the wrong verb. He revelled in it.

He ended up writing not just about a super hockey player but also about a super hockey player's family, friends, neighbors and, indeed, The People of the Island. Like all really good magazine writers, Earl worked every minute he was awake. He was a blotter for impressions, for the human textures of a society so warm it seemed as wonderfully foreign to him as, say, the South Pacific. Prince Edward Island, for a little while, was heaven to him; and it's been a long time since an Upper Canadian city-slicker wrote anything half so happy about any part of Atlantic Canada. Thanks, Earl. Drop in any time.

Harry Bruce

Editor

Harry Bruce

Managing Editor

Marilyn MacDonald

Art Director

Bill Richardson

Photography Director

David Nichols

Art Staff

Peter Gough

(Assistant Art Director)

Bruce E. Smith

Copy Editor

Pat Lotz

Researcher

Roma Senn

Typesetting

Nancy MacPherson

Pam Lutz

Correspondents:

Jon Everett, Saint John

Colleen Thompson, Fredericton

Bob Wakeham, St. John's

Kennedy Wells, Charlottetown

Contributing Editor

Stephen Kimber, Halifax

Publisher, President

Impact Publishing Limited

W. E. Belliveau

Assistant Publisher

Peter Belliveau

Circulation Manager

Neville Gilfoxy

Circulation Sales

Valerie Legge

Jackie Gayle

Subscription Supervisor

Shirlee MacInnis

Advertising Sales Manager

Eldon McKeigan

Telephone: (902) 423-7365

Advertising Sales

In Nova Scotia

John Fulton

Telephone: (902) 423-7365

In Newfoundland:

John Doyle

Telephone: (709) 753-2317

In New Brunswick & P.E.I.

contact:

Leo Deveau

Box 3420 Postal Station B

Fredericton, N.B. E3A 5H2

Telephone: (506) 454-4693

National Sales

John McGown & Associates Inc.

Dave Richardson

785 Plymouth Ave., Suite 310

Town of Mount Royal

Montreal, Quebec H4P 1B3

Telephone: (514) 735-5191

Paul Griffin

4800 Dundas St. W.

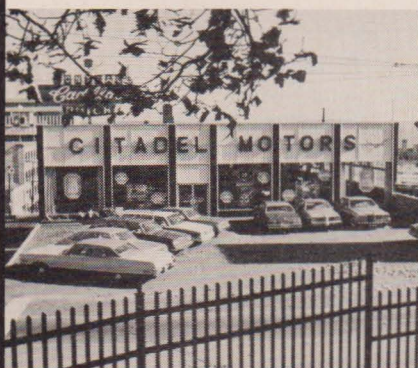
Toronto, Ontario M9A 1B1

Telephone: (416) 232-1394

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Letters

Sorry, our bungle

The caption on your picture of the Point Lepreau generating station on page 53 of the September issue reads "At Lepreau white-washing, bungling and bad luck." Was this referring to the fact that the picture was reversed from left to right?

*J.U. Burnham
Fredericton, N.B.*

Pratt revisited

I must take exception to some descriptive remarks made by Stephen Kimber in his article on Mary Pratt (*Mary Pratt, Artist*, September). Having been born and raised in St. Mary's Bay, I've heard numerous descriptions of the area. While not all have been complimentary, I have never heard anyone refer to the area as "bush" country or even "hinterland." I would like to point out to Mr. Kimber that we have modern schools, telephones, medical clinics and that "long trek to the comforts of city life" is a mere 45-mile drive over paved roads.

*Charles Dillon
St. Mary's, Nfld.*

We in Newfoundland do not refer to the country as "the bush." Mr. Kimber's phraseology elicits visions of the Pratt family ensconced in a shrub in Salmonier.

*Elizabeth Murphy
St. John's, Nfld.*

It seems to me incongruous that in the article by Stephen Kimber which made a point of artist Mary Pratt having been ignored by some people and considered simply a convenient appendage to her husband, we find several lines referring to her father, while her mother gets two words: "his [Bill West's] wife." Not even the woman's given name, for heaven's sake!

*Geraldine Rubia
Mount Pearl, Nfld.*

More on Home Children

Wendy Elliott is correct in her suggestion that the experience of Mr. Davenport was not typical of all the boys who went to the Dakeyne Farm, one of the juvenile farm training schemes for British home children in Nova Scotia. (*Letters*, September). However, it was certainly typical of those who were there during the management of Arthur Smith—ironically an "old boy" himself. The exigencies of magazine editing did not permit his story to be put in its context. To get a wider picture of the movement I would recommend the recent Canadian pub-

Both These Toilets are Frozen



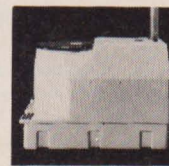
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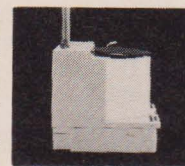
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lication, *The Home Children*, by Phyllis Harrison. If any readers were themselves home children or had relations who were, I would like to hear from them.

Heather Laskey
Halifax, N.S.

Notes from out there

Saw my first copy of *Atlantic Insight* and liked it immensely. Keep up that standard and you'll have as many Upper Canadians sending compliments as you do Atlantic readers. You're doing for Atlantic Canada what *Maclean's* used to do for the whole country, namely, reflect it and reflect it well. But you're just as readable when you go beyond your own borders.

Betty Tomlinson
Tottenham, Ont.

For a Maritimer living on the Saskatchewan prairie, reading *Atlantic Insight* is like a trip back home. Just a tremendous publication.

Fraser Seely
Regina, Sask.

I have just read my second issue of *Atlantic Insight* and I have nothing but praise. The magazine keeps me in touch with a wide variety of subjects of interest to the Maritimes. In addition, having been born and raised in Quebec and educated in Nova Scotia, I appreciate the way you illustrate the Maritimes as they are and how they relate to Canada as a whole.

Eddy Handler
Tarrytown, N.Y.

I am a temporarily displaced Maritimer. A friend recently sent me a subscription "to keep me in touch with the good part of the country." It certainly is keeping me in touch. I'll recommend it to all the other displaced Maritimers out here.

Judy Loo
Prince George, B.C.

Dangerous Guy?

Perhaps your excellent magazine should be applauded for permitting columnists to express a variety of views. Certainly it is unusual to come upon an avowed advocate of child abuse (*Spare the Rod, Spoil the Brat...er, Child*, September) and we find it too disturbing to admire your policy in this case. If Ray Guy really thinks children are "brutes," "juvenile Nazis" and "little savages" what does he think of adults? If Mr. Guy was trying to be humorous he is merely a failure; if he really holds the attitudes he expresses, he is dangerous.

Donald M. Zinck
Mary J. Zinck
Timberlea, N.S.

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The Region

Can Atlantic Canada survive killer malls?

They dominate the cities. Small towns are next

Shopping centres are the setting for Fredericton writer Kent Thompson's short fiction "Mall Shopping." They're the backdrop for the malaise of modern life, for the helplessness his character Janey Ellen feels: "Anyway, I am just looking at the opening specials in Bata Shoes and am coming out of there to Yummy Foods where I had planned to have an Orange Julep, whatever the hell that is, and there, by God, looking stunned, was Harry."

While Janey Ellen wasn't looking, somebody got a building permit to put up another mall just outside town—a bigger one with The Bay, a Woolco and a Dominion Store. It's out on the new highway where it intersects with the bypass. The old mall where she used to shop looked seedy now, just as the downtown area had started to go down hill a few years back. Nobody goes downtown anymore.

caller to Smith, "president of our operations in that region." Asked if Smith could indicate the company's future plans, Burnett turns icy: "He'll be able to help you, but I doubt very much if he'll tell you where we're going."

Starting with a couple of malls in Ontario and Quebec, Burnac quickly looked east. It has shopping centres in Douglastown, N.B., and Carbonear, Nfld., and eight more towns have Burnac malls under construction or in the approval stage—Sydney, Glace Bay, Port Hawkesbury, New Glasgow, Kentville and Amherst, N.S., and St. Basile (near Edmundston) and Bathurst, N.B.

Burnac's developments will add more than two million square feet of retail space to the Atlantic provinces market in the next couple of years. His Mayflower Mall in Sydney will be the biggest shopping centre in Nova Scotia outside Halifax-Dartmouth. Other developers want malls in Lunenburg, Digby, Liverpool, Bridgewater, Coldbrook (near Kentville), Fredericton and Saint John. Burnac's new 230,000-square-foot Douglastown Mall (near Chatham-Newcastle, N.B.) "typifies what we're trying to do," Smith says. "We're providing a shopping-centre experience which has not been there before, good regional shopping centres for the smaller Maritime markets."

But can these smaller markets survive the experience? What looks like prosperity conceals an urban development pattern that plagues North America and Europe: Downtown is weak, shopping centre arrives on the outskirts of town.



Reynolds of Liverpool, N.S.: He's had his store two years downtown, but sees the malls coming

ARTHUR ANTHONY

For developers, national chains and conglomerate retailers, the Atlantic provinces are the last Canadian frontier. The effect on towns and cities throughout the region in the next few years will be staggering. The Bay wants to put more than a dozen stores in Atlantic Canada. Woolco loves to hook up with The Bay. The smaller chain retailers will follow because the big department stores draw the traffic, and the developers don't go anywhere without the promise of tenants. "Leasing was our big breakthrough," says Trevor Smith of Burnac Leaseholds Ltd. "We're able to bring our tenants from Ontario and Quebec for the first time now. For some of them, these are their first Maritime stores. They're either moving east or into the U.S."

Burnac is owned by Toronto lawyer and financier Joseph Burnett who got into the lucrative development business in the last few years. He politely refers the Atlantic

downtown collapses. Government spends millions to revive downtown—buys derelict properties, gives to developers, cuts taxes, takes a loss. Meanwhile, public pays for new roads and services to shopping centre. Dartmouth, Amherst, Saint John have all fallen victim to this cycle. But small towns may not have learned the lessons of the cities.

"You can have your big malls, but if you get greedy, look out," says Halifax developer-investor David Bryson. "Then you get a killer mall, big enough to hang around until it's the only game in town in five years. That's not free enterprise, that's piracy." Shopping centres are Bryson's specialty. He's been involved in everything from the Avalon Mall in St. John's to Edmundston's Assumption Square. "What we've got is too much of a good thing," he says.

Burnett has some competition around the region, but it's spotty. Nobody is building as much as he is. The Saint

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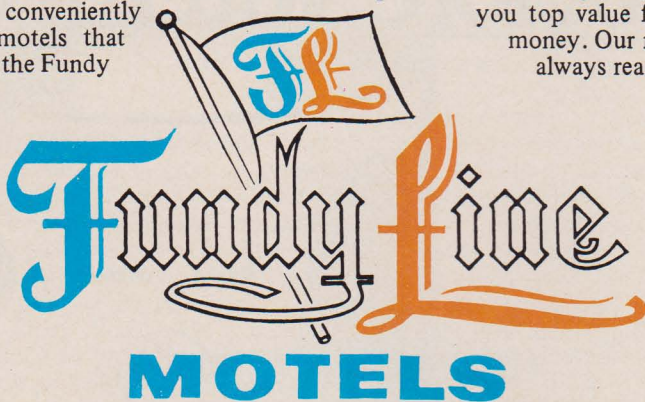
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The Region

John-based Rocca Group Ltd., formerly the best-known name in shopping-centre development in the region, has work going now in New Glasgow, North Sydney and Saint John. (The Saint John project is downtown, part of a government-sponsored revitalization program.) Rocca came up against Burnac in Sydney and Amherst and lost, although Rocca did get construction work in exchange. The two developers are fifty-fifty on the mall in New Glasgow.

Company executive Pat Rocca spends much of his time in Maine and New Hampshire now, where business is better for the firm. But he'll be back, he says, because this region is going to boom in the next couple of years.

"It burns my butt, really," says Mark Reynolds, a druggist in downtown Liverpool, N.S. He's had his store for only two years and downtown is still the centre of local retail business, but Reynolds sees the handwriting on the wall. There's a land assembly going on just beyond the town boundary. "No question we lose business to Bridgewater and to Halifax now. They've got the bright lights," he says. But he doesn't buy the developers' "outflow of dollars" argument. "Regardless of what happens, money will leave the town. What worries me is that there's just no way the population in Queens County can support Main Street and malls."

What may be happening in Liverpool shows why developers find such small towns attractive. If they stay outside municipal boundaries there's little to stop them. They get the benefit of the town's population but avoid municipal planning restrictions. Typically, county and town governments are at odds, each eyeing the other's tax base and refusing to recognize they're in the same boat. Burnett gained fame in Ontario for his enthusiasm for runaway malls. And he's finding they fit quite well down east.

One exception is Prince Edward Island where the provincial government has slapped a two-year moratorium on malls of more than 50,000 square feet (*Insight*, July 1979). In that time, the province will study long-term action and threatened downtown retailers will pull up their socks. Already the freeze is affecting Island interests. National developers have backed off and two local companies are planning small shopping developments, well within the size limit, one in Crapaud and one near Montague. "The safety of the moratorium gives them the confidence to go ahead," says Charlottetown-based economic consultant Douglas MacArthur. "With their

smaller size, these centres can survive completely on business from local residents."

Meanwhile, there are other solutions to consider. The powerful Ontario Municipal Board, which must approve all developments, will no longer allow projects outside municipal boundaries which threaten downtown redevelopment plans. The U.S. federal government won't assist development that conflicts with urban revitalization efforts. The idea is not to stop all malls, but to find a way to consider the impact of each before it gets built.

A great fan of the P.E.I. action, Charlottetown's MacArthur is especially concerned about the future of towns in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. "A city can survive overbuilding longer because the downtown is a service as well as a retail centre. A lot of merchants survive on the office trade alone, but if the retail function collapses in a small town, that's it."

The message may be getting through. Downtown merchants in Truro appealed an expansion of the Truro Mall which would double its size. Businessmen in Amherst formed a Downtown Development Corporation. In Grand Falls, N.B., merchants asked town council to study the implications of a mall expansion there.

Politically, the problem is sticky. Land-use control belongs to municipalities, and provinces are reluctant to step in until the pressure gets fierce. Nova Scotia's Main Street program will spend several millions to clean up downtowns this year, but the province has not taken steps to protect that investment. Left on their own, towns resort to desperate measures. "If you're threatened as a municipality by development outside your boundaries, the natural thing has been to annex," says Amherst councillor Ray Emery. "It's the only thing you can do, but it's like sticking your head in the sand."

When Amherst town council was about to annex land which included Burnac's proposed regional mall, Emery convinced his colleagues to hold off until a countywide study on retail markets was complete. Since the mall is outside the town, it may go through. If it does, it's back to the same old defences. "I may try to stall it, but if that mall comes in, I'm going to be a strong proponent of annexation," says Emery. If the town has to live with the mall, better to get the taxes from it. At least it will have something when Main Street dies.

* * * *

"Things ought to be better organized than they are," Kent Thompson's Janey Ellen thinks and calls a friend to go mall shopping.

—Amy Zierler

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Prince Edward Island

Island medicare: Can Jim Lee save a shaky system?

Can a former real estate agent and unsuccessful bidder for the provincial Tory party leadership solve the bitter dispute over fees which has rocked Prince Edward Island's medicare system to its foundation? The provincial government hopes so.

The new man is James M. (Jim) Lee, named minister of Health and Social Services in a far-reaching reorganization of government departments announced by Tory Premier Angus MacLean in early October. The shakeup, which took the Health portfolio away from Fred Driscoll and combined it with the Social Services post already held by Lee, was designed to produce a more efficient delegation of responsibilities. The government is hoping it will also help officials reach some kind of agreement with the doctors without loss of face on either side.

Lee, 42, who was MacLean's unsuccessful rival for the party leadership,

takes over Health at a time when almost half of the Island's 115 doctors have chosen to "opt out" of medicare, with more of them expected to follow this month.

Leaders of the Island Medical Society, themselves new in office, are reluctant to speculate that a new minister will mean any change in the policy which led to the head-on clash between doctors and government. But at least Lee may be able to make some adjustments in the position identified so strongly with Fred Driscoll.

Lee's political background—member of the legislature since 1975, a provincial organizer for the Tories before that—hints at more flexibility and willingness to compromise. Driscoll was a relative newcomer to active politics after an academic career as a history professor at University of Prince Edward Island.

The test for both the new minister

and the future of medicare on the Island will come during the next few months as the Medical Society and the Health Services Commission try to negotiate a fee schedule for 1980-81. Normally these negotiations would begin in January, with the aim of agreement in April. But circumstances are far from normal these days and there is a chance that the first meeting may be held before Christmas.

Past negotiations have centred on relatively simple questions of fee levels. This time they'll begin with fundamental questions about the future of medicare. As a result, what's decided on the Island will almost certainly have implications for the whole of Canada.

Doctors feel that Driscoll violated a basic principle of medicare when he unilaterally imposed a new fee schedule last July and took away their right to "balance-bill" patients for the difference between the amount the government was willing to pay and the sum the doctors felt was a fair return for their services.

On the other side, Driscoll and the government argued that balance-billing, even if it was confined to patients the doctors felt could pay, threatened the principle of equal medical care for everyone, regardless of their financial circumstances.

The arguments which surround the dispute have raised further issues: Should a doctor's salary bear some relationship to the average income of the society in which he practises; can the rising costs of medicare continue to be met from general government revenues, or should a separate health services tax be levied as it is in Britain?

The dispute poses an especially poignant dilemma for Island doctors who came to Canada because they were dissatisfied with Britain's National Health Service. The province may now face the prospect of an exodus of specialists to greener financial fields elsewhere in Canada or in the United States.

Caught in the middle are the Island's patients, who must check to see whether their doctor is "in" or "out" of medicare. If he's "out", they must decide whether they can afford the difference between the bill and the amount recoverable from medicare.

Though the dispute is one of principles rather than personalities, it's possible that Jim Lee can provide the flexibility needed to produce a peace treaty between the doctors and the government, ending a conflict in which everyone is a loser.

— Kennedy Wells



Lee: He's a seasoned politician. Will flexibility be enough?



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A brave, laughing man set sail once too often

His name was Aldeo Gionet. His death remains a mystery

When Aldeo Gionet, then 27, appeared before a 1973 judicial inquiry into why two new \$500,000 steel-hulled fishing vessels, the *Lady Dorianne* and *Lady Audette*, sank with nine dead, New Brunswick Supreme Court Justice John N. Bugold chastised Gionet, saying, "This is not a circus. We are trying to get at the root of a tragedy." Gionet hadn't been trying to be disrespectful but his testimony repeatedly made an otherwise sombre audience laugh. It was just his nature.

"He was the life of the party," says Jocelyn, his wife of seven years. He was also an experienced fisherman whose quick thinking helped save five lives during the *Lady Audette* sinking. In the end, Bugold wrote: "The bravery of Aldeo Gionet is to be singled out." Today, Gionet himself is dead, his own steel-hulled vessel, the *Sormany*, having gone down off Cape Breton with all five crew last May 5. Along the lower Gloucester shore, there are scattered calls for a new inquiry. The problem is, the last one cost \$190,000 and didn't say why the ships sank. And without Aldeo, any new inquiry would be a gloomy affair.

He went to sea as a teen-ager. In the late 1960s, with a successful west-coast example before them, provincial Fisheries officials encouraged the use of steel ships. Three sister seiners, the *Lady Dorianne*, the *Lady Audette* and the *Marc Guylaine*, were built at Saint John in 1969. On Nov. 23, 1970, the *Lady Dorianne* sank without a distress call in the Gulf of St. Lawrence with all six hands. Aldeo was mate and acting skipper of the *Lady Audette* that winter. During a voyage in eight-foot waves, the *Lady Audette* listed to one side for several minutes. He cut speed and brought the wheel around. The ship listed repeatedly before he reached port in Newfoundland where he called the captain, Aristide Chiasson. Engineer Prosper Légère told the inquiry Aldeo asked Chiasson to come and get the vessel, saying, "I don't want to lose my life here." Once home, Aldeo informed Fisheries officials. They listened without comment. He said, "It was difficult to believe a ship would tip over."

On April 22, 1971, Aldeo was at the wheel of the *Apollo III* when winds

came up. Heading for the Magdalen Islands, the *Apollo* came upon the *Lady Audette*. Aldeo advised Captain Roméo Michaud to hang around. The captain said, "I watched it for three or four minutes and it didn't seem to be right. It was listing oddly and was slow to right itself." Captain Chiasson came on the radio: "Roméo, come quickly, we're tipping over." Aldeo put down a life raft. Men without life jackets were clinging to bobbing bits of wood in frigid



Gionet: An end to family link with the sea?

water. He grabbed four of the five who lived. Chiasson was lost.

Aldeo earned his captain's papers and rolled up his income to \$50,000 a year. "The need to fish was the biggest thing in his life," Jocelyn says, "not only for work but for pleasure." In port he was a homebody who liked to play hockey and "was always, always joking." At sea, "he was cautious, particularly after that *Apollo* incident." In April, Aldeo, by now the father of a two-year-old boy, and Marcel Albert, a business partner, bought the *Sormany*, a trawler similar to 15 others built at Caraquet Marine.

At April's end, Aldeo made his first excursion into the Gulf near Prince Ed-

ward Island. After two days he arrived in Georgetown with 115,425 pounds of cod. The stern of the ship was only six inches above the water line. He didn't like it. He took pictures, sent the negatives to his partner and went back out. On May 5 a squall came up. Marcel Albert says, "The weather could have been a factor in the sinking, but not necessarily. There were between 20 to 25 boats fishing in the area at the same time and others made it in. He was very competent. He captained many ships bigger than the *Sormany*. He was always conscious of the weather....Whatever happened arrived suddenly. They had no time to send out a distress signal."

Omer Gionet, Aldeo's father, and Omer's four surviving sons drove to Chéticamp, Cape Breton, to join the search. They were there when a helicopter pilot reported seeing two bodies. Aldeo's was found on the beach. The body of René Lanteigne, 24, brother of Jocelyn, was found nearby a few days later. A ferry picked up the body of Aldeo's brother Renaud, 26, in Northumberland Strait. The remains of Roger Allain, 23, and René A. Chiasson, 21, have never been found.

Aldeo had been concerned with a fuel-shifting problem. "There was nothing to stop the fuel from going from one tank into another [and affecting the ship's tilt]," his brother Roger says. Roméo Robichaud, Caraquet Marine president, says the 65-by-22-foot *Sormany* was built in 1974 and made wider than standard plans at the request of the first owner. Donat Vienneau, captain of the *Marie-Berthe* which resembles the *Sormany* but is two feet narrower, says he also has trouble with shifting fuel, but the *Sormany* could hold 5,000 gallons while his holds only 3,800. His ship has a design capacity for 100,000 pounds of fish, but he doesn't come within 10,000 pounds of that. The *Sormany* could hold 130,000 pounds, with a recommended capacity of 104,000. He thinks Aldeo shouldn't have gone past 90,000 and Aldeo's father agrees: "My son was an experienced fisherman and he would not have had the accident had he had time to understand the boat better. More than 110,000 pounds of fish on the boat was too much."

Aldeo's death may mean the end of the family's link with the sea. Roger, the president of a Tracadie ceramics firm, says, "Aldeo and Renaud were the only ones to be fishermen like my father was." And Jocelyn, who lost a husband, brother and brother-in-law in the tragedy, says, "I hope my son never becomes a fisherman." —Jon Everett

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Newfoundland and Labrador

Wyatt's not quiet

But can St. John's' mayor stay alive politically while letting others mind the store?

They call her a clown, a joke, an embarrassment, and just down and out nutty. But even her toughest critics have to admit one thing about Dorothy Wyatt, the eccentric, verbose mayor of St. John's: Nobody one-ups her in the madcap world of municipal politics.

When then Councillor Wyatt first ran for mayor in 1973 against incumbent Bill Adams, an establishment-backed, corporation lawyer, one of her slogans was: "Vote for Wyatt—She Won't Be Quiet!" She's been as good as her word. She's been shooting off her face on a daily basis for what sometimes seems an eternity, and the St. John's populace seems to care less that much of what she says has absolutely no bearing on critical issues facing the city. Voters seem oblivious to the fact that her rambling opinions on everything under the sun often make little sense.

She's still Dotty the spokesman for the "little man," her supporters insist. She's the one politician who's available at her city hall offices, willing to speak anywhere and who does not take orders from the Water Street merchants.

The fact is that she has been an occasionally strong backer of big developers like Andrew Crosbie. How she can have such allegiances and still be identified as a champion of

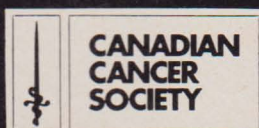
the little guy is part of Dotty's mystery. "I think she relies on people's short memories," observes Bill Gillespie, a CBC reporter who covers municipal politics on a regular basis, "and people do have short memories."

There are other reasons for wondering why Wyatt has remained so popular. One is the fact that she seems to pay only passing attention to the day-to-day running of Newfoundland's capital. "She regards her job as completely ceremonial," says one person close to the city hall scene. "The day-to-day running of the city she leaves completely in the hands of city officials and other councillors." But the ceremonial aspect of the mayor's job enables Wyatt to maintain a high profile. It's a rare week that her face doesn't appear in one of the local papers or her voice isn't heard on a radio station. She campaigns every day of her four-year term as mayor.

Wyatt admits that there may be an unusual amount of public relations tied up in her job. But she claims it has nothing to do with her attempt to stay in office. A mayor must acknowledge the work of citizens' groups, she argues, and that takes up a lot of time.

"Sure, I'll drop a ball at a softball game, or go to the firemen's dance or meet people at the airport, and then go to car washes and deliver after-dinner speeches," Wyatt says. And she implies that she's willing to delegate responsibility to a "highly-qualified staff" at city hall. That irks many of her critics.

"The city has definitely suffered by the fact that she does not pay sufficient attention to the day-to-day running of its affairs," charges Andy Wells, a councillor who has had



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Wyatt: She's backed developers, while remaining the little guy's champion

more than his share of verbal clashes with Wyatt. But even he concedes that Wyatt is a shrewd politician. She'll hold a soup supper to raise money for Vietnamese refugees or appear, unannounced, on a picket line to condemn management—especially in a labor dispute where there is public

was all about.”

Her defeats don't faze her. “I got into politics because I felt I could make a dumb decision rather than living with a dumb decision someone else made.” She defies logic. But that's Dotty.

— Bob Wakeham

sympathy for the strikers.

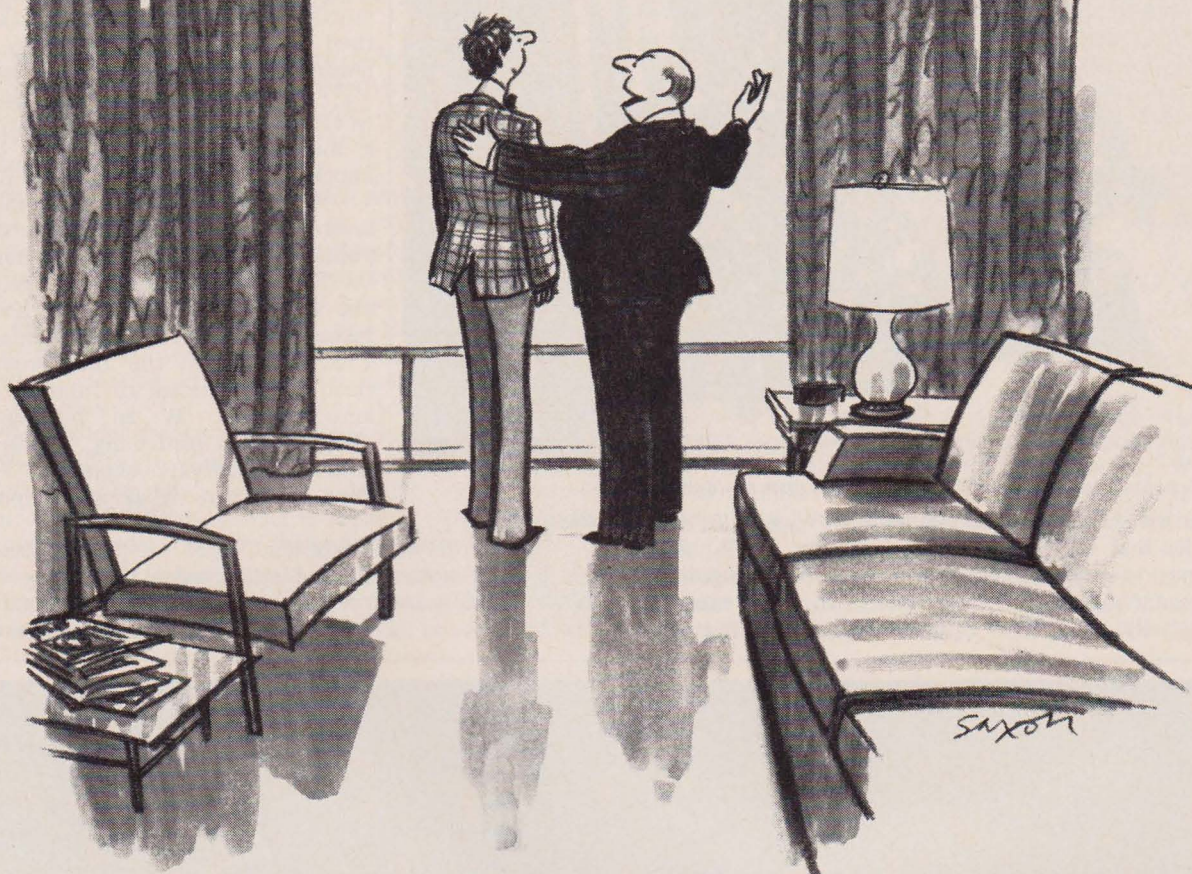
But how long can you sponsor soup dinners or open hockey games before people realize that their chief magistrate is covering ground at the expense of minding the store? Some feel Wyatt has lost credibility and will have a tough time getting re-elected in a couple of years unless she starts to take a more serious attitude toward city affairs. They point out that in 1973, Wyatt won mostly because people were sick and tired of having their city run by businessmen and lawyers. It was the same in 1977 when many voters were reluctant to elect businessman John Murphy. But a middle-of-the-road candidate might knock her off her pedestal at city hall.

Wyatt's credibility was tarnished by several attempts to enter provincial politics. Earlier this year she ran for the Tory leadership (where she received not a single vote). Then she tried unsuccessfully to get the PC candidacy in a city district in the June provincial election, and ended up running, again unsuccessfully, as an independent. “When I go at something, I go in with both feet,” Wyatt explains. “I was there to learn what party politics

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- Downtown	(Late 1980)

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- McLeod Trail	

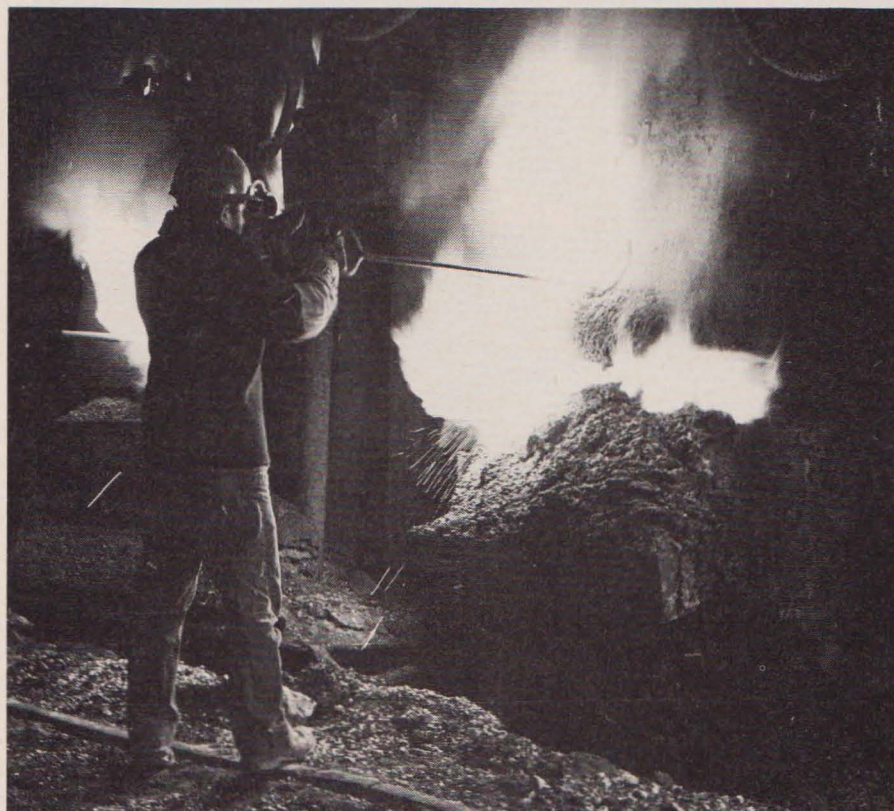
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Nova Scotia



Can a 19th-century private enterpriser salvage job civil servants bungled?

Solving Sysco: All it needs is half a billion dollars

To rescue itself from the quagmire of Cape Breton's steel problem, the Buchanan government turned to the same man another Conservative government chose 12 years earlier to rescue itself from the same quagmire. The return of Robert Burns Cameron is but the latest of dozens of ironies that speckle the depressing history of the provincially owned Sydney Steel plant.

Known to friends and critics alike as "R.B.," Cameron is the New Glasgow businessman whom former premier G.I. Smith appointed to run the plant in 1967, when the provincial government reluctantly took it over from its British owners, Hawker Siddeley Ltd. With the aid of skilful foremen and a work force that perceived a life-and-death struggle at hand, Cameron tightened up operating procedures enough to cajole a record one million tons out of the ancient works, more than double the plant's production during the final year of private ownership. It was a last gasp, however, and Cameron has been criticized ever since for running the plant

into the ground for the sake of paper profits.

This fall, when months of searching failed to turn up an experienced executive of a big steel company willing to replace outgoing president Tom Kent, Premier Buchanan asked Cameron to take on the job again, at least temporarily, while the search for a permanent president continued. Cameron is a throwback to days when bosses were bosses and workers knew their place. Middle-level managers address him as "Sir," and blanch when he raises his voice (as he frequently does). Reporters who ought to know better find themselves using words like "two-fisted" and "tough-minded" to describe his crusty mixture of bluster and charm. Implicit in Buchanan's decision to give Cameron the job is the dream that this 19th-century private enterpriser can salvage the job civil servants have bungled.

However distasteful the Buchanan Conservatives find the idea of a money-losing, government-run steel

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Nova Scotia

plant, they are stuck with it. To any politician who looks at the situation closely, the prospect of closing Sysco is unthinkable. The plant may be losing \$60 million a year, but the \$300-million debt that causes half of that loss would survive its closure and keep on costing government \$30 million a year. The provincial and federal governments would also have to share the unemployment insurance, welfare, job retraining and relocation costs that firing 3,200 men would mean.

The plant's most urgent technical requirement is to replace the equipment that transforms crude pig iron into molten steel. At Sysco five open hearth furnaces do this work, but only two are operating well. More modern firms use something called a basic oxygen furnace, or its latter-day refinement, the Q-BOP, an acronym for "quick basic oxygen process."

The replacement of Sysco's basic steel-making equipment was also the number one priority in 1967, when Cameron first took the helm. The original modernization plan, formulated in the late Sixties, included a basic oxygen furnace. Before contracts were signed, however, the 1970 election saw a new government sweep to power. Gerald Regan's Liberals looked at the \$94-million price tag for modernization and balked. A year later they announced the same plan but, already, prices had nearly doubled. Meanwhile, Sysco's new president, Derek W.R. Haysom, a Rhodesian engineer recruited by Cameron, and Vice-President William Wells patented a system called the submerged injection process (S.I.P.). They claimed it could quadruple the capacity of the existing open hearth furnaces to more than four million tons per year, making a basic oxygen furnace unnecessary.

The claims proved wildly inaccurate. S.I.P. did not work well at Sysco. Over five years, it was installed, removed, installed, removed again. Production never exceeded 600,000 tons. (Sysco-watchers were not encouraged when one of Cameron's first acts, upon returning to the job, was to rehire Wells.) Most of the modernization money, meanwhile, was squandered on a continuous caster, a device which never worked well because the antique open hearth furnaces could not produce the steady supply of molten steel it required. Nova Scotia's auditor-general, Arnold W. Sarty, later condemned the haphazard manner in which Sysco spent modernization money, and accused the directors of breaking the law

in their failure to control expenditures.

The next great detour was Premier Regan's dream of Cansteel, a huge steel-making complex that was to rise on the shores of Gabarus, a tiny village 30 miles from Sydney. While Sysco languished, Regan courted U.S. and European steel executives until, in early 1977, slumping markets forced him to admit Cansteel would not proceed.

Regán now turned to Tom Kent, the Pearson-era Ottawa mandarin whom Pierre Trudeau had exiled to head the Cape Breton Development Corporation. Kent theorized that fresh modernization money could be justified only if Sysco could secure long-term markets for its products. He succeeded in signing several long-term contracts, but the nuts-and-bolts details of these agreements have been caustically criticized by those now in charge at Sysco. They say the company stands to lose money on them for years to come.

Under pressure to increase employment before last fall's provincial election, Kent also ordered the start-up of the plant's second blast furnace. (The blast furnace turns iron ore into pig iron, the first step in steel-making.) Even he now admits this was a blunder, driving the plant's decrepit equipment beyond the breaking point, and requiring still more millions in short-term loans to cover repairs. On the day of Kent's departure, Development Minister Roland Thornhill announced that the second blast furnace would be shut down and up to 800 men laid off.

Cameron and Buchanan must now try to wrest from Regional Economic Expansion Minister Elmer MacKay that which Regan and Kent were unable to get out of former deputy prime minister Allan MacEachen: An enormous infusion of federal money. MacKay has said he will not see the plant die. That promise leaves a series of options ranging from a small mill that would reheat steel produced elsewhere and turn it into rails (always Sysco's most successful product), to a completely refurbished plant. In addition to a new Q-BOP furnace, refurbishing would mean reconstruction of the blast furnaces, improvements to the rail and billet mills, and replacement of the coke ovens, which turn coal into fuel for steel-making. Since worldwide demand for coke is strong, one scenario sees U.S. partners joining in a huge new coke plant to serve export markets as well as Sysco's needs. And just for good measure, the province would like to see the plant's \$300-million debt retired, to give the refurbished venture a fresh financial footing. The total tab? Something over half a billion dollars.

— Parker Barss Donham

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The federal budgetary expenditure this current fiscal year is \$51 billion (it was \$15 billion in 1971) and the estimated deficit is \$12 billion. In trying to get a handle on this Liberal legacy, the Clark government is getting an old sob story from the bureaucrats: There is just no place to make significant savings. There is a grain of truth in this. The expenditure is made up mostly of enormously expensive programs: Unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, the Canada pension plan, hospital insurance, transfer payments to the provinces.

So you bear down. You save \$10 million here, \$5 million there, another \$1 million over there. But what sort of inroad will that make into a deficit of \$12 billion, let alone the spending program of \$51 billion? Why bother at all? The bureaucrats plead: Don't look at us, the politicians did it. But civil servants aided and abetted the process, and often stimulated it in the first place.

We have big spending programs partly because they require more people to run them, and the more people there are in the civil service, the better the chances of promotion. Thousands of bureaucrats make fat salaries simply because their job classifications move upward in direct proportion to the increase in the number of people that work for them, and not because of any particular qualifications in administration or finance.

In 1971 there were 250,000 federal departmental employees. Now there are 330,000. (If you add in the CBC, other Crown corporations, the military and so on, the number comes to 590,000 on the federal payroll.) Does it really take 80,000 more civil servants now than in 1971 to administer basically unchanged federal programs?

The Public Service Commission, which does the hiring, says yes. The unions say yes. But the middle managers, say that at least 10% and perhaps 30% of the civil service is deadwood.

Auditor-General James J. Macdonnell recently said the civil service operates in a climate of easy access to a bottomless public purse. He said few brownie points ever go to the frugal manager who brings in effective pro-

grams on time and below budget.

He suggested that if every taxpayer paid his or her own taxes by cheque—as the self-employed do—we would all see the enormous regular increases in government expenditure, and we'd raise the bloody roof with Ottawa. When taxes come off at the source, however, the taxpayer tends to remain ignorant of just how much the feds raid his income.

Scores of thousands of civil servants have authority to spend \$5,000, or \$10,000, or \$25,000, or even more, depending on their rank. If the expenditure is wasted, the official who initiated the program and authorized the payment (often the same person) seldom suffers a reprimand. The boss might say, "Well, watch it next time." After all, it isn't the boss's money. It isn't even the boss's boss's money. What the hell, what's a few thousand in an outlay of \$51 billion? The answer is that this chickenfeed, repeated daily by thousands, adds up to millions. We are being nickeled and dimed to death.

This is what Macdonnell means when he says there must be more personal accountability in the civil service. He says top management has inadequately trained subordinates in the careful management of public funds, and has itself provided no examples of frugality. Macdonnell is not merely pointing the finger. He is criticizing the managers, and he is telling them how to manage properly. This has infuriated the top bureaucracy.

Macdonnell annually audits every department and agency of government. Each year he also selects one or two departments for an exhaustive investigation. He makes his report to Parliament and points out wasteful spending. OK, that's what he's supposed to do. But now he's going further. He is telling some departments how bad management led to waste, and how bad management should be improved.

If there is one thing deputy ministers won't tolerate, it's being told how to manage their own departments. They started to complain about Macdonnell to Michael Pitfield, secretary to the cabinet, and Gordon Robertson, Pit-

field's predecessor, who remained as secretary to the cabinet for federal-provincial relations. But the government changed. Pitfield got the axe, and Robertson was leaving in October. A good many deputy ministers are going too, or being shifted.

Macdonnell's term runs out soon. Let's hope his successor can strike as much terror into the bureaucracy as he has. Who knows, somebody might start saving those nickels and dimes for us. Meanwhile, of course, it doesn't hurt to stop the bigger boo-boos either. The change of government has halted several, one on Parliament Hill itself. Nobody can explain how the project advanced so far merely on the say-so of a junior official in the Department of Public Works.

The project is to dig up the Hill on the east side of the Centre Block and put underground a two-storey television studio with floor space equivalent to 12 houses. No, nothing sticking up to spoil the Hill, except maybe a few ventilators, fire escapes, skylights, that sort of thing. And, oh yes, just a small addition to the Centre Block itself.

All this, without the approval of any parliamentary committee, let alone the cabinet, and without any explanation of why the whole thing couldn't be handled with an underground cable to some building off the Hill. Erik Nielsen, the new Public Works minister, got wind of it and tossed it to Parliament—before any digging could start.

Parliament should be wary of the Public Works Department. It wanted once to pull down the West Block, one of the three original Parliament Buildings, and replace it with a proper steel-and-glass office building. Robert Winters, Public Works minister in those days, stopped the project. The department tried again in 1957. The second time, it took John Diefenbaker to get the whole thing turned off.

— The Fat City Phantom

The Fat City Phantom is privy to inside government information. Atlantic Insight prefers to keep it that way.



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International

Where are the American expatriates going?

Home. For jobs, money, even (horrors) more freedom

By Jill Cooper Robinson

The Americans are going home. They're leaving in notable numbers this fall, all those Yankee expatriates who came to Canada over 10 years ago to wait out a discreditable war, a dishonored president and creeping pollution.

They came as intellectuals and artists, hippies and draft-dodgers. Often their identities overlapped. The vanguard appeared in the first few years after the Kennedy assassination, stayed to observe the Watergate witch-hunt from the safety of their Canadian living rooms. The larger wave of immigrants came in the early to mid-Seventies. The influx of American immigrants to Canada reached an all-time high in 1974 with 27,000 gaining entry. Two years ago it was a mere 12,000 and figures for '78 and '79 are expected to be lower.

We know more about why they

came than why they're leaving. Most have general gripes about politics, the weather and the absence of family but they admit these are universal complaints. The truth is, many don't know exactly why they are going back. It's certainly not from the same strength of conviction that prompted them to leave, the U.S. in the first place.

Unquestionably, for many, the "simple" life has palled. All have grown older, times everywhere have grown tougher, and many have graduated from a hand-to-mouth, single existence, into hard-core, conspicuously consuming, upwardly mobile urbanites with spouses and kids. As successful Halifax retailer Christina Sherrin admits, "When we first came here I was happy with food money and a used van." In the five years since, she has moved into big league money and European sports cars and is ready for her share of the American dream. "My Americanness has

caught up with me," she confesses, "I'll be more at home south of the border."

For those in business, money seems to be the major motive for making the switch—with a strongly felt side protest against so much Canadian government interference in business. Restaurateur Betsy Harwood of Halifax's Fat Frank's says: "We're overcontrolled and overtaxed. Also there is the very real problem of having to compete with 'pogey' in attracting employees. We're getting it from both ends." Her husband has returned to his Wisconsin home. She has no immediate plans to leave, "though eventually I'll go back."

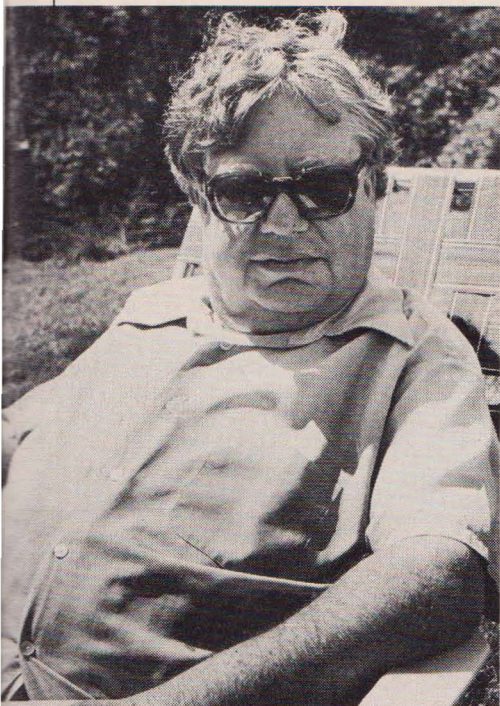
Many won't say when they're pulling out, or even admit they are winding down their lives here. Others are matter-of-fact about the reasons. Weight lifter Jan Todd and husband Terry, lately of New Germany, N.S., moved back to the States for better employment. She had been frustrated by an unimaginative school board, he by the academic bureaucracy at Dalhousie University. Halifax architect John Bradford found his field of computer architecture, "neatly guillotined by the effects of a recession in a small city. Except in very large centres, when money's tight the specialized professions are the first to go. It's worse in Canada, Canadians are such conservative investors anyway."

One of the more outspoken and articulate of American expatriates, writer and educator Dr. Edgar Friedenberg of Hubbards, N.S., sees an "increasing hostility toward the U.S. and Americans now" in Canada. He cites "the Canada Council and the Immigration Department's exclusionary policy toward Americans, the constant pressure on the CBC to carry less U.S. television, a cutting down on employment opportunities" as three examples of this change in feeling. Like many Americans, he's also impatient with Canadians' seeming inability "to get going on things." He says he is "sick of the Canadian response to challenge by defensiveness and self-pity... 'we're so poor, we're so ignorant, everybody picks on us.'"

In spite of this, he says, he has no calculated intention of leaving (though he admits in the same breath he wouldn't be here now had he nabbed the States-side job he wanted for this fall). "I sound more discontented than I really am," Friedenberg says. "There are still things I like better about living here than any place else I've ever lived." Only "the real lack of entrenched civil liberties in Canada, the Morgenthauer trials being a case in point..." prevented




Harwood feels overcontrolled, overtaxed. Eventually she'll go back



Friedenberg decries lack of civil liberties

his taking out his citizenship. Ironically, it's this same issue which makes him feel useful here: "There ought to be Canadians fighting for it but apparently there aren't."

Many Americans share the sense of a "growing coolness" toward them. Painter Fred Bradstock of Lunenburg, N.S., thinks every day about going back. "We'll never be accepted here. Even after 10 years I'm still regarded as a foreigner. Rights and privileges, when given, are given grudgingly." He's not yet put a specific date to his withdrawal, nor has cabinet-maker Donald Frothinger of Bear River, N.S. "I can't afford to move now, but ask me in five minutes, who knows?" Frothinger has seen a number of fellow-Americans go back over this last year and thinks they're disillusioned. "They came here thinking Canada was Nirvana, that the grass really was greener over the border. Since it isn't, they figure they may as well be at home."

Do we care they're going? There is the nagging suspicion we've been used for just another great American adventure. Isn't there something wrong with people who would run off at the first drop of a southern "come hither." (Almost without exception, those interviewed said they'll settle in the American South.) Perhaps the last word belongs to a Cape Bretoner who suddenly found his hermit-like domesticity interrupted by a community of a dozen or so Americans six years ago: "It's all just like a tragic love affair. When they first came here they were too different. Now just when I like them, they're running off on me." 

Tia Maria goes with Paul
and with Carol
or with Bali
and with milk
or with music
and with dessert
and with coffee
and with soda
and especially with friends



Tia Maria goes.

Cover Story

An ace sportswriter leaves the "ersatz kingdom" of the big city, goes to P.E.I., meets people "of a kind I'd forgotten existed in this world" and, among them,

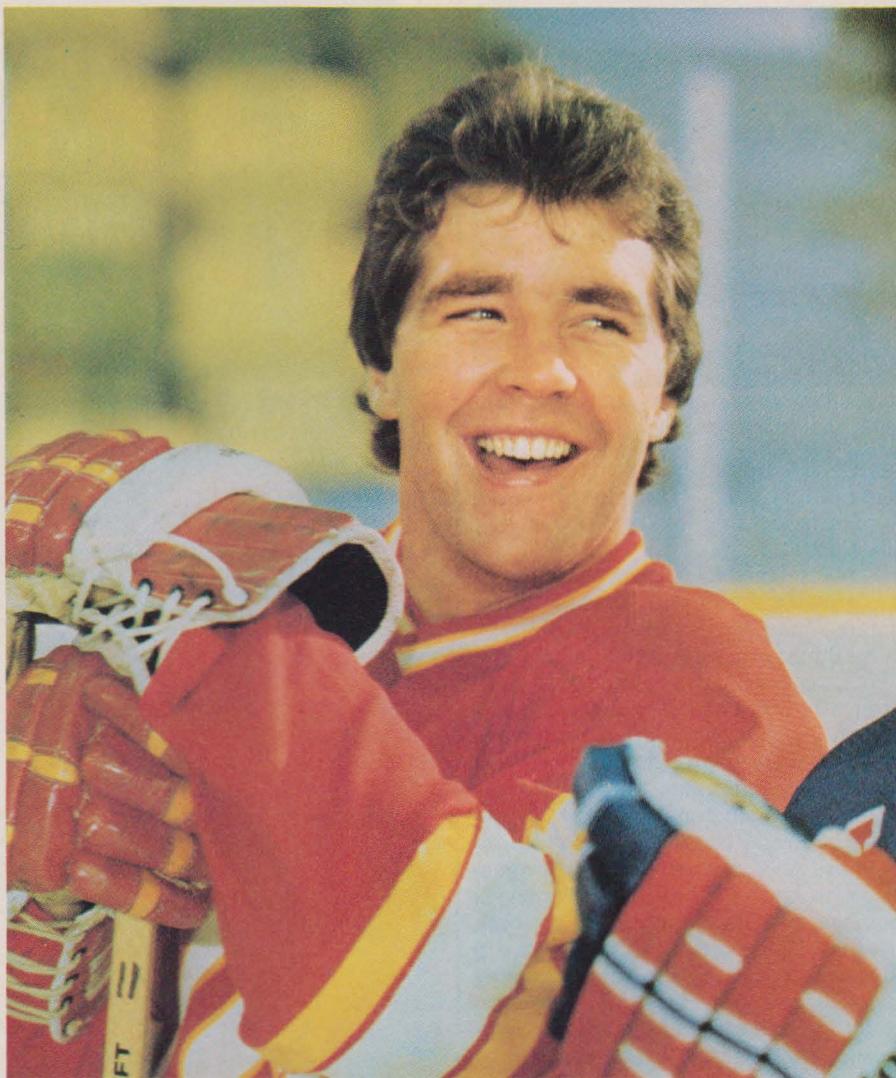
Bobby MacMillan, hockey player

By Earl McRae

*Relax. You're on the Island, you know.
Bobby MacMillan*

After three days there, he and his people had evoked within me the strangest feeling, a feeling of times long ago and, curiously, a specific memory, a memory of lying in bed in the darkness and being comforted by the warm talk and bursts of laughter from family on the big front verandah, and of the neighbors who thought nothing in those days of just dropping by. And, from somewhere far down those long, hot summer nights that were alive with the thrumming of insects, came the melancholy sounds of a screen door slamming or a dog barking or a baby crying or a radio playing and, before I'd known it, I'd fallen asleep and woken up and the world and its people and its sounds were different. A colder world, its people encumbered by guile and greed. But he and his people were not that way. In his profession, where the heroes are too often heels, he is an exception. To know this and, more so, to *understand* this, it is necessary to go to the Island. You know, he said to me on the eve of my departure for the ersatz kingdom of Toronto, *people* are what the world's all about; the rest is just scenery. In that case, I told him, the world must be Prince Edward Island. He smiled. Absolutely, he said.

Bobby MacMillan said he'd meet me at the Charlottetown airport and he does, coming toward me through the crowd, his hand outstretched, a stocky, easy-moving guy in a straw stetson, unbuttoned shirt, blue jeans and cowboy boots splashed with red mud, the ID card of home. In the last picture I saw, he had a moustache, but it's gone now and, with his summer tan and lop-sided, boyish grin, he looks much younger than his 27 years, an observation confirmed by a group of pubescent girls at the baggage conveyor who baptize him with avaricious eyes. If he notices, he doesn't let on. He asks if I enjoyed the flight and I say yes and he asks if the meal was any good and I say not bad and he asks what it was and I tell him and all the time he is very attentive and very interested which I find very nice, but very peculiar.



In a world too often filled with heels, he's an exception

When my suitcase appears, he grabs it before I can, dismisses my protests with a mild scowl and carries it outside to his 1978 Corvette (grey with an overcoat of red soil), places it gently in the back, walks around, opens my door and, as we rocket off, tells me I should forget my plan to rent a car in town because he will drive me anywhere I want at any time. That's awfully generous, I tell him, but I wouldn't feel right, being from Toronto where such things just aren't done, and right away my mind flashes back to another time and another hockey star, Phil Esposito, who had said he'd meet me in New York and then didn't, and when I fin-

ally found him, wished I hadn't.

Whipping along through the countryside, Bobby MacMillan is silent for a long time, steering the car with one finger while slouching against the door and I think maybe I've offended him when he suddenly asks me where I'm staying. I tell him I don't know yet, I couldn't get a reservation, what with the tourists and all, but if he could just let me off downtown, I'm sure I'll find a place and then I'll phone him and we'll get together to talk. No, he says, you can stay at my place, the cottage, there's lots of room and it's free and the steaks are thick and juicy. Thanks, I say, but I need a telephone. I have a

telephone, he says. I glance at him and he glances at me but, again, Toronto wells up inside me and I tell him that journalists are supposed to stay in hotels. I know he's wondering why journalists can't be people but, still, he takes me to the Dundee Arms Hotel where he carries my suitcase into the lobby, checks me in, carries my suitcase to my room, checks it out, approves, and then tells me to forget trying to rent a car just now, he's taking me to

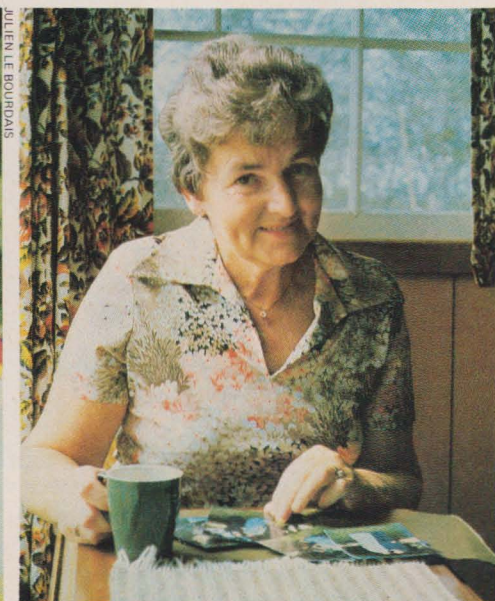
ed as it is each year, to "the player adjudged to have exhibited the best type of sportsmanship and gentlemanly conduct combined with a high standard of playing ability." This past season it went to Charlottetown's Bobby MacMillan, the first NHL player from the Island ever to win it and the first Maritimer since New Brunswick's Gordie Drillon in 1938. Such was the Island's pride in Bobby MacMillan's accomplishment that an honor was bestowed upon

points (37 goals and 71 assists) with the Atlanta Flames last season, "Fortch" said it should have been higher and would have been if MacMillan's centre, Guy Chouinard, hadn't hogged the puck so much.

"Fortch", who has put together several scrapbooks of MacMillan's feats and plans to present them to him in a formal ceremony some day, runs up the biggest long-distance phone bill on the Island each winter phoning Bobby in Atlanta to tell him what he's doing right or doing wrong and get that goddam Chouinard to pass the puck more. Although the line of MacMillan, Chouinard and Eric Vail was the second-highest scoring in the league last season—and Bobby the Flames' scoring leader—Fortier feels the people of the Island, and Charlottetown in particular, take Bobby's success too much for granted.

"We all love him, but we should show it more," says Fortier, pouring dressing onto his salad while Bobby rolls his eyes heavenward. "Do you know that when he got the Byng the local paper only had a little story with a headline saying 'MacMillan Wins Award'? Can you believe it? That's all. And the city council! The city council didn't even send him a telegram of congratulations. Not because they didn't think what he did was great, but because he's taken for granted. Right, Bobby?" MacMillan winces. "John," he says, "will you please knock it off. It didn't bother me, I told you that, it's all right." Fortier puts his fork down. "All right, nothing. Disgusting. That's what it was, a shame. This big star here and he gets treated like that." Bobby winces again. "John, I'm no star." Fortier grins: "Well, not a big one, but still a star."

When Bobby received his award at a banquet in Montreal this summer, Fortier flew up for the occasion, standing close to the hockey stars and begging photographers to take pictures of him, which they did. When MacMillan received his plaque, he gave it to Fortier to take back to Bobby's mother on the Island because he, Bobby, was heading back to Atlanta on business. Fortier flew back with the plaque and, for the next four days, travelled all over the Island showing people. He dropped into the Mayfair Tea Room at Prince and Kent streets to show Johnny Squarebriggs, the Island's ex-athlete of fame and fable who runs the place, and he



Bobby credits his mother for his drive



Lawyer, best friend Fortier: Pass the puck

With Tony Esposito: Initiation was rough

this great little restaurant downtown, The Dispensary, to have a meal, meet a friend and talk some. On the way to the restaurant he asks about my work and I tell him and he asks about my family and I tell him and all the while he is nodding and smiling and listening and a thought occurs.

"Bobby?"

"Yes?"

"I now know why you won the Lady Byng."

He throws back his head and laughs.

The Lady Byng Trophy is one of the NHL's most hallowed prizes, award-

him so far denied other distinguished native NHL'ers such as Forbes Kennedy, Errol Thompson, Al MacAdam, Hilliard Graves and Bobby's equally popular brother, Billy: Induction into the province's Sports Hall of Fame.

"MacMillan a star?" says John Fortier, spearing a deep-fried scallop in The Dispensary. "Hah! Only if Chouinard starts passing him the puck." MacMillan groans. He's heard it all before. Fortier chuckles mischievously. He's 31, a lawyer, with black horn-rims and a black bird's nest of hair. When he's not being a lawyer, he's one of MacMillan's best friends and biggest fan. When Bobby scored 108

Cover Story

took it to City Clerk John Butler and told him to pass it around the council chamber and after several days of this hectic activity, the phone rang and it was Bobby.

"Have you shown my mother the plaque yet?"

"Uh, not yet."

"Why?"

"I don't have it."

"You don't have it? Where the hell is it?"

"I dropped it off at a nursing home at Hunter River. Your mom's next on the list."

Fortier heads back to his office after lunch, telling Bobby and me he'll see us at the harness races that night or, if not there, at his place in the morning for breakfast: Eggs Cardinal, his wife Sharon's specialty, the best breakfast I'll ever eat. Once again, over Bobby's protests, I mention renting a car and, reluctantly, he drives me to the Hertz agency. I rent the car and head for the lot but before I get there he steers me to his car, says I can pick up mine later in the day, I won't need it right now. "Bobby," I say, "I've just paid the guy to rent the car." He smiles. "Relax," he says. "You're on the Island now." Toronto wells up inside me again—but not as high as before.

We're out in the country again, on the way to his brother Billy's farm, 115 acres which he bought seven years ago for \$62,000 and recently had appraised at \$250,000. Rumor has it that Bobby paid a good chunk of the farm's price as well as a good chunk of the \$45,000 cost of his brother George's 200-acre farm, also bought seven years ago and recently appraised at \$350,000. If he did, he won't say. Billy MacMillan is 36 now and after an NHL career with Toronto, Atlanta and the New York Islanders, has been appointed this season an assistant coach with the Islanders. He didn't have Bobby's talent—the speed and beautiful skating, the goal-scoring touch—but he possessed the family trait of being steadfast and true to the cause, whatever it might be.

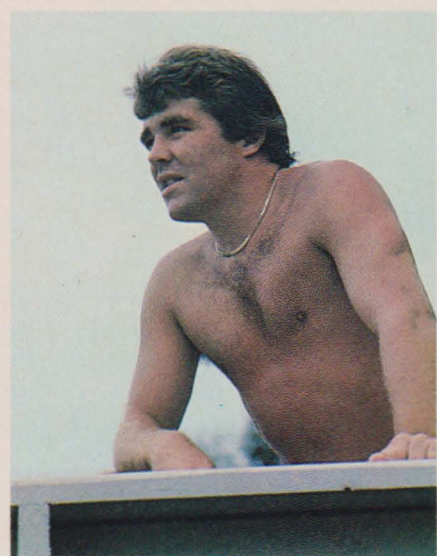
"Billy was and still is a big name on the Island," Bobby says, pulling into the lane of the farm. "He was always my hero. I loved him so much. He was 10 years older than me and he'd go away in the fall and winters and come back in the summers and I couldn't wait for him to come home and talk about hockey. I worshipped him. Still do. There used to be these little stickers in Jello with hockey players' faces on them and I'd make teams and play on the floor using a piece of eraser as a puck, right? I always made Billy get a hat-trick."

Billy MacMillan is standing in the stables, curly-haired and tanned, his right cheek fat with chewing tobacco, and after Bobby introduces us, Billy takes me outside and shows me around and says how wonderful it all is, this farm, and how hard it will be to go away again in a few weeks. I tell him I know what he means. The meadows are so green and shimmering in the wind and the sky is so blue and the clouds so pristine. They remind me of a time when I was small, maybe seven years old, and I ran away from home and lay up against a fencepost in a farmer's field and it was, I think, the last time I saw clouds and sky and grass like that. Billy asks if I'm hungry and I say no and he asks if I'm sure and I say yes and then he shows me an old wagon full of chopped wood he's restoring and asks what I think of it and I say it's really nice, and I find myself meaning it. We banter a bit more and then we leave, Bobby and I, and he tells me: "Billy loves the farm. He loves being a farmer and getting together with the old farmers and just shooting the bull. That old wagon, you know what he wants to do? He and his farmer buddies have it all planned. One morning, during rush hour, Billy's going to load it up with turnips and hitch it to an old horse and take it over the Hillsborough Bridge, holding up all the traffic. People are always complaining about the farmers slowing things down. Billy feels it's time the farmers got respect and he's gonna go over that bridge and hold everybody up and there'll be nothing they can do about it, nothing. That's power."

Beneath an evening sky streaked pink and gold, the Charlottetown Driving Park is packed and noisy. Bobby refuses to let me pay my own way in and he refuses to let me buy my own beer and, as we move through the stands, people in windbreakers and kerchiefs and with friendly, open faces I'd forgotten existed in this world call his name. He waves and smiles and sometimes stops and introduces me and tells them what I'm doing and they say



Brother Billy on Island farm: "He was...my hero"



Steadfastness is a family trait

that's good, Bobby's done the Island proud. One lady says she's just come back from a holiday in Florida and Bobby asks if Perly went too, and she sighs and says no, you know Perly. Bobby nods and laughs knowingly and, turning to me, says, "Perly is Sally's husband, a farmer, and when Sally asked him to go to Florida with her, he says no way, his idea of the perfect holiday was to take time off at harvest time and drive across Canada and just watch the combines in the field. Isn't that beautiful? What a beautiful thing to say. I told my mom as soon as I heard it and she thought it was great, too." Bobby is among friends this night; they keep coming up and sitting with us

and not once does anyone mention hockey. Fortier's there with his wife, Sharon, and the last thing he says before we leave is, "Eggs Cardinal at 9 o'clock."

Through the dark night, with the air so light and clean, we drive to Bobby's cottage on the bank of the Hillsborough River, the cottage where again he insists I stay, and where again I insist I don't and another thought occurs.

"Bobby?"

"Yeah?"

"At least let me buy the bloody gas."

"No."

Bobby MacMillan was born in Charlottetown in September, 1952. There were four boys and a daughter. George is 38, a lawyer. Then there's Billy, JoAnne, 28, married with two children, an elementary school teacher in Charlottetown; and John, 23, who's studying for his master's degree in social work at the University of Waterloo in Ontario. All the children have university degrees; Billy in physical education from the University of Manitoba and Bobby, a bachelor's degree in history from the University of Prince Edward Island. Bobby got his degree only last year, after nine years of summer study, and the fact that he persevered—he who for much of that time was earning a hockey salary that few from the Island ever dream of—bespeaks much of his mother. She wanted her children to have choices other than the land or the sea. "Even though Billy and Bobby were good at hockey," says Margaret MacMillan today, "I wanted them to have something to fall back on. The Island is small and there aren't many boys who make it to the NHL or become stars."

Bobby MacMillan credits his mother for his direction and drive because he never knew his father; Stewart MacMillan, only 38, died of a heart attack when Bobby was three years old. "When I think of the job my mom did raising us kids, I have nothing but all the love and respect in the world for her," says Bobby MacMillan. "Billy was the oldest when dad died and he was only 13 and John was just a baby." Stewart MacMillan had been a partner in a construction business, and with his pension and the sale of a lot he owned, to say nothing of financial help from close relatives, the MacMillans were able to carry on without the mother having to find work. They lived then in a three-bedroom, white clapboard house on Alexander Drive in a neighborhood of wartime clapboard homes. The house was rented from CMHC at \$48 a month and the basement leaked.

Since Margaret MacMillan's interest

**Lamb's Palm
Breeze Rum.
Share the world
of the friendly
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Cover Story

in hockey was mild at best, Bobby's interest in the game came from Billy. "Mom never discouraged us or encouraged us, she let us make our own minds up," Bobby says. "Our house was next door to the Whitlock's house—Bobby Whitlock, he was a friend—and in the winter we'd flood our backyards. There was no fence between them and we'd make a huge pond. We called it the MacMillan-Whitlock Pond and kids came from all over the city to play on it. I can still see Mom out in the dark with the hose flooding it. I'd play there before school, at recess, at lunch hour and after school until it got dark and even then. You could play in the light from the house. The MacMillan-Whitlock Pond. It was famous. Somehow the winters were colder then. You could never make a pond today."

When summers came, Bobby and his brothers played hockey in the base-

to keep us level-headed."

He gives a small and reflective laugh. "She had this old soup spoon and that's what she'd whale me with. Boy, could she let you have it. I remember one time there was a whole gang of us and we were having a rock fight. I hit Red Harding on the forehead and he started crying. I ran home and, sure enough, a few moments later, who's coming up the street dragging Red by the hand but Mrs. Harding. She knocked on the door and told mom and as soon as that door closed mom grabbed the soup spoon, chased me into the bedroom, grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and let me have it across the ass. Listen, I was so scared of mom and that soup spoon that one time, when she was housecleaning, I accidentally knocked a lamp over behind the chesterfield and broke it. I grabbed my little brother John and tossed him behind the chesterfield so it'd look like he did it. Sure enough, he got spanked." He shakes his head.

From the Charlottetown Junior Islanders, Bobby MacMillan, in the fall of 1969, went to Toronto to try out with the OHA Junior Marlboros. "The junior hockey on the Island isn't the top level junior hockey like in Ontario and it's hardly ever scouted. But nine out of 10 OHA clubs invited me to their camps and I chose Toronto because Billy was with the Leafs then and I'd know somebody." For a boy born and raised on the Island, going to Toronto that first time was a cultural shock. "Everything was so fast and noisy. The other players, many of them were from big cities and towns and they seemed so brash, so cocky. So *confident*. I remember the first time I took a taxi around town. I didn't feel right. On the Island, you don't take a taxi anywhere, you walk. The team had us staying at an old, run-down hotel in the red-light part of the city and I can remember standing at my window at night and looking down at the hookers on the corner and it was fascinating. There are no hookers on the corner in Charlottetown."

He was disoriented and confused, his hockey suffered, and after less than a week with the Marlboros, he was dealt to a rival club, the St. Catharines Black Hawks. It was a much smaller and more hospitable place, he boarded with a family and his hockey prospered. He scored 43 goals his first season and was named the club's rookie-of-the-year. But the next season, his last in junior, he caught hepatitis, was slow to recover, and scored only 12 goals. Still, he was drafted in the first round by the New York Rangers—and went instead to the Minnesota Fighting Saints of the WHA.

There were several reasons: He was

playing centre then and the Rangers had five established centres ahead of him. And the Rangers were only offering \$45,000 over two years while the Saints were offering \$60,000. The big time, or what he *thought* was the big time, was traumatic, not the least of which was The Initiation: Without warning, half a dozen players grabbed him in the dressing room, carried him to a table, held him down and, with scissors and dull razor blades, began shaving the hair off his body. Then they blindfolded him and smeared black shellac over his genitals. Then they tossed a pail of ice water over his body. Several times. Then they pretended to urinate on his body by trickling warm water over him from head to toe. When he yelled, they poured cold water into his mouth.

The rites completed, he recovered and prepared for his first taste of pro hockey. "I was never so disillusioned in my life. I had all these images built up of what it would be like. Classy. Dedicated athletes. Teamwork. Then, at training camp, a guy named Jimmy Johnson, who we got from the L.A. Kings, walks into the dressing room with a stomach so big he couldn't bend over to tie his laces—and he makes the team." Then came the Mike Walton incident.

"Walton had come from the NHL, he was supposed to be the big star and he acted like it too. One game against New England we were ahead by a goal near the end, so they pulled their goalie. I had a shot and hit the post. Walton picked up the rebound and scored. The game was on national TV and Walton skates over to the bench where I'm sitting and goes crazy, absolutely crazy, shrieking and tearing me up like you wouldn't believe. Why, I don't know. I was never so humiliated. Everybody was watching.

"In the dressing room later he tried to apologize, but I told him to go away, leave me alone. I was really hurt. I'd done nothing wrong and he treats me like that. Later, on the expressway going home, I broke down and cried. I couldn't help it. I was the youngest guy on the team and I was still trying to get my confidence. I wasn't used to treatment like that. Once when I was a kid, I was playing shortstop in baseball and I knew I wasn't very good. I used to pray the ball would never be hit to me so I wouldn't have to make a play because I knew I'd mess it up. Then this one time the ball is hit to me and I fumbled it and the runner was safe. The catcher gave me hell. He told me I didn't know how to play and it hurt me because I knew I was good, I was good at *hockey* and nobody criticized me there and now here's this guy



JULIEN LE BOURDOIS

With Darryl Sittler: Some pros shocked him

ment, little John coerced into being the shooting target in goal. "Billy and I were the hockey players," Bobby says, "but sometimes George would come down and he had this thing where he'd stick his big ass in the way and I can still hear me yelling 'No bummin', no bummin' no fair'. Oh, we had fun. Except when the puck hit the furnace and mom would yell down to cut it out or get outside."

At the Charlottetown Forum on Fitzroy Street, with his mother in the dressing room before the games to tighten his laces and in the stands to watch him play, Bobby MacMillan rose through the ranks of the minor hockey system. He was a perennial all-star, usually playing in Billy's hand-me-down skates, always seeking his mother's praise for his on-ice exploits and seldom getting it. "One time I scored seven goals in a game. I was eight years old and I couldn't wait for mom to praise me, but she didn't. I guess she knew I was getting enough. She always wanted

You got it, Pontiac!



1980 Parisienne 2-Door Coupe

Below - 1980 Catalina 4-Door Sedan

Some of the equipment shown or mentioned is optional at extra cost.

Just when the competition thought they'd finally caught up.

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ward to more efficiency than ever, with a further weight reduction and new metric radial tires with higher inflation pressures, up to 15% reduced rolling resistance compared to last year's radial tires, and increased

tire life. Some models even offer an optional Diesel V8, a first for Pontiac.

Fuel economy is impressive. A 1980 full-size Pontiac with the optional 4.4 litre V8 and standard automatic transmission has a fuel-consumption combined Rating of 10.5 litres per 100 km (or 26.9 miles per gallon).*

Pontiac's competition may be catching on, but can they ever really catch up?

*Based on Transport Canada approved test methods. Fuel consumption/economy figures are estimates which may be subject to revision. The actual results you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.



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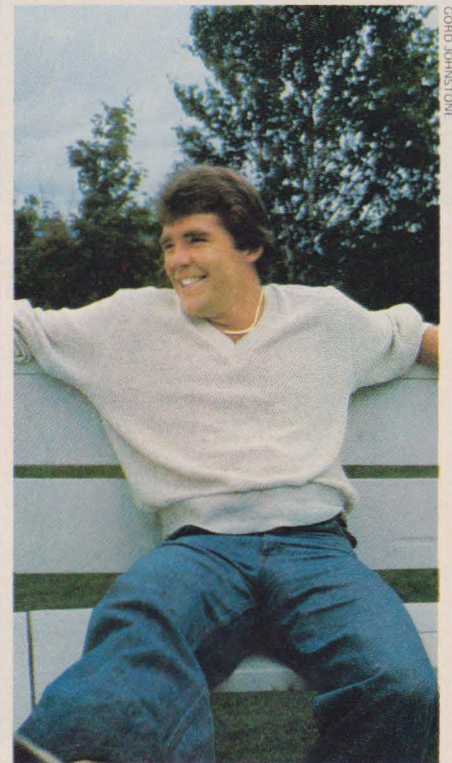
M80-P1R

Cover Story

criticizing me and I didn't know how to handle it. I always had hockey. It gave me a sense of worth, of real value and it destroyed me when Walton ripped me apart for *nothing* and made me feel like dirt. What made it even worse is that Walton wouldn't talk to me for a long time after that and neither would his buddies on the team because they were afraid he'd give them hell."

Looking back, MacMillan says his two seasons with Minnesota were the worst of his career; when the New York Rangers came calling again at the end of his contract, he left with no regrets. Although the Rangers sent him to Providence of the American Hockey League that season of 1974-75, he was happy; he knew his time would come. But in the summer he broke his leg in a motorcycle accident on the Island. By training camp it still bothered him, affecting his play, and the Rangers traded him to St. Louis Blues. MacMillan was with the Blues two full seasons, scoring 20 and 19 goals, but in December of his third year (1977), he was traded to Atlanta. In 28 games with St. Louis, he'd scored only seven times.

"I was stunned when I heard I'd been traded," he says. "I liked St. Louis, I got along with everybody and I thought I was playing well. But the Blues wanted a goalie and Phil Myre was the guy and Atlanta said I was the one they wanted in return, nobody else. I went home that night and got drunk, I was so upset. Then the phone rang and



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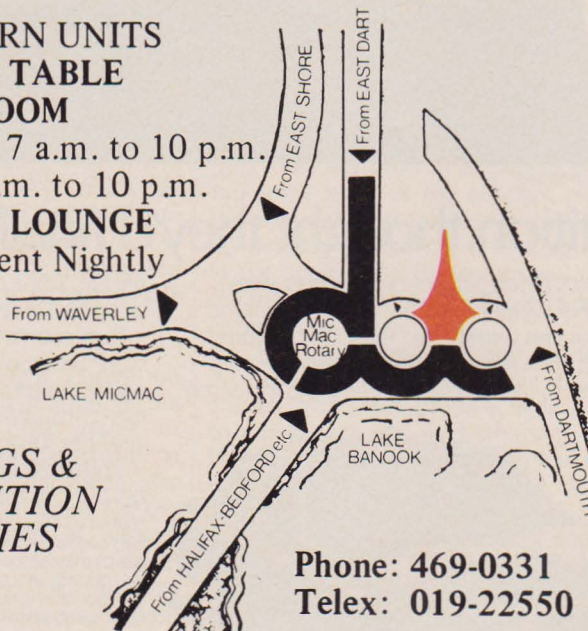
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it was my brother George in Charlotte-town. I told him the news and then he told me that Red, my Irish setter dog, had been killed that day by a truck. My heart was broken."

Atlanta is where the troubled times of Bobby MacMillan finally came to an end. The Flames were suited to his style and manner; big and fast and graceful with nary a backward step or a discouraging word. He thrived. In 52 games after the trade, he scored an impressive 31 goals and assisted on 21 more to lead the team. In one game against Cleveland he had three goals and three assists, a club record. He had a six-point game against Toronto and five-point games against Philadelphia and New York. He was named the Flames' Most Valuable Player for 1977-78 along with team-mate Bill Clement. In 131 games with the Flames up until this season, MacMillan scored 160 points for a remarkable average of 1.22 points per game. He and his line-mates, Guy Chouinard and Eric Vail, have scored 327 goals in the two seasons—37% of the team's production. "Bobby MacMillan," says Flames general-manager Cliff Fletcher, "is a rising star and he'll keep on rising."

Bobby MacMillan is a happy young man today, secure and confident, the wealthiest Atlanta Flame and one of the wealthiest citizens of the Island. He is starting the first year of a six-year contract that will pay him \$1.2 million, a portion of it paid by the Coca-Cola company in Atlanta in return for as yet unspecified promotional work. He has his Corvette, a 1977 Chevy van with stereo, bed, lush carpeting and well-stocked freezer. A bachelor, he lives in a \$150,000 home with pool in Marietta, a suburb of Atlanta, because, as he puts it, "It's an investment and I like to entertain my friends." Often those friends are from the Island, people like "Fortch" and Paul Trainor and "Smelt" Gillis and BaBa Dufour and Allison Ellis and when they're not visiting, they're on the phone telling him how to deke out Palmateer or out-muscle Potvin.

On the afternoon of the third day it is time for me to leave Charlottetown and Bobby MacMillan says he'll drive me to the airport. I tell him no, that the Hertz car is still sitting outside the rental agency and if I don't drive it I'll feel guilty. He tells me to relax, that I'm on the Island, but that if I really feel that way he'll let me drive it around the block twice, which I do. He then drives me to the airport, carries my suitcase in, buys me a coffee and says to come back again someday soon. I will. I also want him to know that the flight was nice, the food not bad and my family is fine. He'll care. ☒

Folks

To celebrate the International Year of the Child, Atlantic Insight has turned over this month's Folks section entirely to youngsters from Atlantic Canada. Our selection is arbitrary. We're not claiming these are the most brilliant, most artistic or most athletic youngsters in the region, only that this is a good representation of the sort of kids that Atlantic Canadians can all be proud to know. We think they're pretty great. We're only sorry we haven't room for a few thousand more.

—The Editors



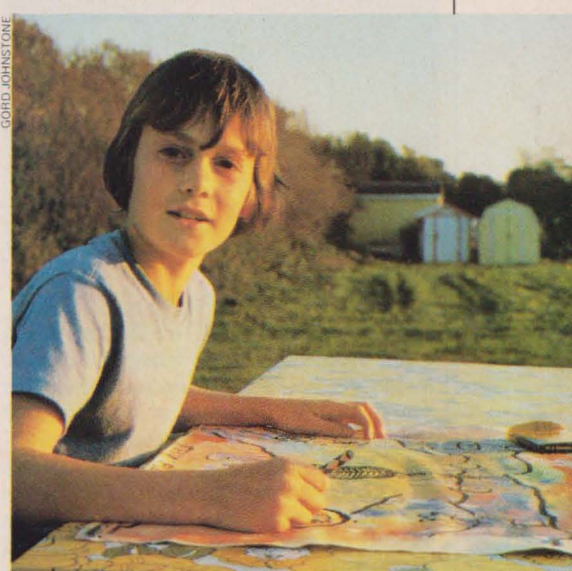
Bourgeois: "A flamboyant...creative skater"

There'll be no one to compete against skater André Bourgeois, 17, of Dieppe, N.B., at the upcoming provincial and Atlantic preliminaries for the Canadian Figure Skating Championships. He's the first and only figure skater in the region to qualify for the Junior Men's category. "We're breaking new ground in singles skating," says his Moncton coach, Paul Huehnergard. He describes André as "a flamboyant and very creative skater" who works very hard. It paid off at the 1978 Canada Winter Games at Brandon, Man., when André won a gold medal for free skating in the Novice Men's category. At the Central Ontario Free Skating Competition he won his first medal as Junior. He trained in Toronto this summer and part of the fall, keeping up with his Grade 12 studies by correspondence. He has no career plans but is going to university next year. He'll keep on skating, "but only as a hobby."



Gass loves computers' speed, complexity

For two years, Dale Gass, 12, of Hilden, N.S., saved his money to buy himself something special: A \$2,000 Sorcerer computer. He's now sold two computer program tapes to a Halifax computer shop. Math has always been a snap for Dale. He used to program calculators, but they got too easy. Dale spends all his free time on his Sorcerer, working out complex games and "I never get tired of it." The speed and complexity intrigue him: "They can do anything you want them to do." His father John, also a computer buff, says he's not in Dale's league. Few are. Dale's math teacher, seeking computer information once in a store, was told to check with Dale.

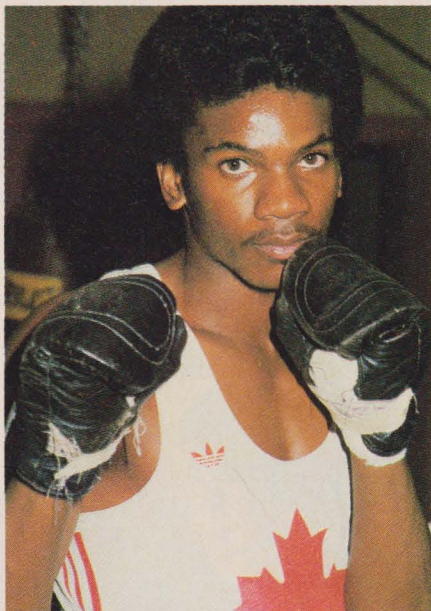


Gallant: What to do till the bus comes

Berton Augustine, 11, a Micmac from Big Cove, N.B., drew a fishing boat on a river. Debbie Small, 12, from CFB Chatham, N.B., used pastels for her picture "Playing Kings Square." They were part of *Picture Canada*, an exhibit of Canadian children's art held in Toronto this fall. Thirty-four of its 125 pic-

Folks

tures came from the Atlantic provinces. Of the 34, an impressive 14 came from New Brunswick. Only Ontario sent more. "The artwork from the Atlantic region is much more exciting than in previous years," says Betty Nickerson, an official of the All About Us foundation, which collected the pictures. One called "Fishing with Daddy" by five-year-old **Carol Howell** of Red Bay, Labrador, was unusual: "We get very little artwork showing children doing something with a parent," Nickerson says. They also accept few pictures from five-year-olds. **Mike Gallant**, 11, of Parkdale, P.E.I., painted a scene from the school window while waiting for the bus one snowy day. **Jerry Daigle**, 13, of the Centre for the Hearing Handicapped in Amherst, N.S., did a picture of a TV crew filming an outdoor political rally. Nickerson called it "one of the most unusual subjects we've ever received."



Anderson won't box all his life

Rick Anderson, 19, of Halifax says, "You have to use boxing and not let it use you." That means staying in top shape, which he does by working out every day. He's the Canadian light welterweight runner-up and won a bronze medal at an international meet in Finland last year. Rick started boxing at 13: "It was the thing to do, all the guys did it." His coach, Taylor Gordon, says he has "extremely fast hands, natural ability, a unique style." Rick is more modest: "I had a bit of potential." He plans to make it to the 1980 Moscow Olympics. After that everything's up in the air. Meanwhile Rick's studying at Saint Mary's University because "I'm not going to be boxing for the rest of my life."



Kelly just keeps on swimming

Paula Kelly was seven when she joined a swimming team in St. John's and, she remembers, "I couldn't swim that well at all." But hard work is beginning to pay off. This year, at 14, she placed second in both the 200-metre and 100-metre breaststroke events at the Esso National Age Group Championships in England. Moreover, she was the only female swimmer from Newfoundland to qualify for the Canadian Senior Swimming Nationals in Edmonton. Huge accomplishments for a girl who took up competitive swimming only because friends had joined a swim team at a new pool. Her future? She says, "I'm going to keep right on swimming."



Phan: He can't wait for snow

To Chau Phan Kien's family, Canada means freedom. To Phan, at 11, Canada also means snow. Back in his

Vietnam home town, he never saw it. "I can't wait," he says (in Chinese). The family lives in a Saint John East apartment and he's in Grade 4 at Forest Hills School but, since they arrived only in mid-August, he's not had time to learn English. Nor has he had time to get lonely. His grandmother, an aunt, parents, and five brothers and sisters came with him. Their experience as boat people was grim, both at sea and, after a Hong Kong patrol rescued them, in a tin shack at a refugee camp. For weeks, Phan held his sides to relieve hunger pains. Now, when the snow comes, he'll hold his sides for another reason. Laughter.



Micmac dancers keep up tradition

It's a long way from Lennox Island, P.E.I., to the Commonwealth Games in Edmonton but 12 children from the Micmac Reserve took it all in their dancing stride. They're members of a native dance troupe organized by Sister Florence McTague and their performances at the Games last year were definitely the high point in their brief career. What do they remember best? "The plane ride, free pop, and the swimming pool." The group, aged 9 to 13, performs around the Island, doing traditional dances like the Mosquito, Rabbit and Hunting Dances, accompanied by a drum and tape-recorded music. Members are **Timmy Bernard**, **David Lewis**, **Bobby Lewis**, **Ronnie Lewis**, **Joan Bernard**, **Janet Bernard**, **Barbara Sark**, **Marina Sark**, **Patsy Ann Thomas**, **Melvin Bernard**, **Sheila Sark** and **Tina Francis**.

When Philip Hollett, 16, of Arnold's Cove, Placentia Bay, finished his painting of a small Newfoundland community, he knew it was good but didn't know how good. He just shipped it off to the provincial UNICEF competition and hoped for the best. Out of 2,000 entries Philip's work won a special award for outstanding achievement. "People were crazy about his painting," says a competition organizer. It became Canada's official UNICEF exhibit for



HAN LAMIE

Hollett: People say such nice things

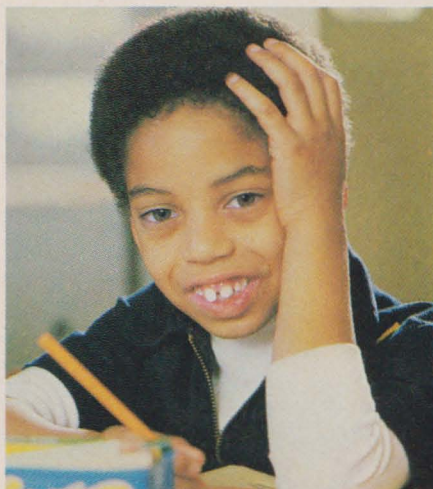
the International Year of the Child and will go to the 1980 Moscow Olympics, where young artists from around the world will display their work. It could even win the ultimate accolade: Getting chosen as an illustration for UNICEF greeting cards. Philip's thrilled with his wins: "I just couldn't believe it. All these people saying lots of nice things."



NICHOL SINSIGHT

Hanoomansingh: He'll try journalism

Citing his string of debating awards, **Ian Hanoomansingh**, 18, of Sackville, N.B., is worried that he might "sound awfully conceited." In May, he nabbed top spot over 67 other students at the National Debate Seminar and came first in its speaking contest. As a youngster he and his father would debate subjects from UFOs to the NHL. "Debating consolidates a lot of my interests," Ian says. He thinks the popular stereotype of debating as "stuffy intellectualism" is unfair. He's in his first year at Mount Allison University, plans to get his doctorate and wants to be a journalist. In journalism, he says, "you're unfettered by allegiance."



NICHOL SINSIGHT

Lizard-hunter Edwards: Good marks, too

The kids' page in the newspaper bores **Derek Edwards**, 7, of Halifax, but he figures out the cryptoquote every day. He's in Grade 2 French Immersion at LeMarchant School and "my marks are very good." When school's out, he makes his own coloring books and writes outer-space adventures: "The Battle of the Planets, The Sea Dragon or The Gold Fighter." He's not big on sports, but he likes to "hunt for lizards."

Tennis is everything," for **Karen Manning**, 11, of St. John's. She wants to be the youngest girl to play Wimbledon. She's won the Atlantic championship, in her age division, and captured the provincial title several times. She lost this summer at the Nationals but she's in hard training for next year's tournament. Karen, who started playing at seven, vowed she'd beat a hot-shot tennis-playing friend. She did. In summer, she haunts the courts, challenging older players. Winters, she plays twice a day with her father at the local gym. When she's not playing, she's keeping fit and getting ready for the big time. Karen loves competition and spectators. During matches she coaches herself: "Lousy shot," she'll say or, "Good play, Karen."

Manning: Getting ready for the big time



NORTH LIGHT



RICHARD FURLONG

White: She's tired of publicity

When you're only 10 years old, being a celebrity can be a bore. Less than six months after **Debbie White** of Charlottetown won first prize in a book-writing contest for elementary school children sponsored by the P.E.I. branch of the Canada Council during National Book Week, she says she is fed up with being interviewed and photographed. But she agreed to just one more for *Atlantic Insight*. Debbie wrote and illustrated *How Rabbits Got Their Fur*. Her book was published and put on sale, but unlike other first-time authors, Debbie has no fear of being labelled a "one-book writer." She hasn't put pencil to paper since the contest and, at least at present, has no further literary ambitions.



NORTH LIGHT

Wright and friends: There are orders to fill

A day's business can fetch **Catherine Wright**, 12, of St. John's \$128 and more orders for etchings of her favorite stuffed animals. But she doesn't want to make a bundle. She draws "just because I like it." Her sketch pads are filled with animal drawings and her room filled with stuffed animals, from thumbnail size to almost life size. All her stuffed friends have names: Portly, Lavendar, Dewberry. Catherine draws the ones who look like fun. She draws directly onto a copper plate: Preliminary sketches cramp her style. Catherine's in Grade 7 French Immersion, takes singing lessons, ballet and folk dance and acts in a theatre group. Career plans don't include art but she's not about to lay down her pen. There are orders to fill.



Cuba is a great place to visit

But no, you wouldn't want to live there. "Freedom," says this major Canadian literary figure, "is a luxury that I'd find it painful to live without"

By Alden Nowlan

Playa Girón, Cuba. Picture it: 1,560 armed Cuban exiles are about to invade their homeland under the auspices of the CIA. Their ships come within sight of the Bay of Pigs, which they remember as a remote, inaccessible and uninhabited mangrove swamp. But in their two years' absence it has been transformed. To their consternation, they see cottages, restaurants, bars and cabarets. Roads have been laid through the swamp. The Bay of Pigs has become a holiday resort. That is how it was here in April 17, 1961—the Third Year of Victory, according to the Revolutionary calendar. "It was as if the Russians had come ashore at Coney Island," William Manchester wrote.

It must have seemed that way to the invaders—"the mercenaries" is their official designation in Cuba today—but actually Playa Girón and Playa Larga on the Bahía de Cochinos are drowsy little places. A few young Cubans swim in the warm green Caribbean while their elders sit in the shade of the palms and pines, as I am doing, and drink the one available brand of domestic beer (nameless and unlabelled because it is the one brand) or eat marvellous ice cream made with real ice, real cream and real fruit. Beer and ice cream are the only—literally the

only—luxuries that are readily obtainable in this country of 9,296,000 people.

A small boy in a school uniform, red shorts and white blouse, whistles at a mocking-bird and the mocking-bird whistles back. I drink rum (the percentage of Havana Club that is exported is so great that even that which is sold within Cuba at \$16.00 a bottle is labelled in English) and try to imagine what it must have been like here when a solid line of Fidel's Russian T-34 tanks were shelling the beach at point-blank range and the exiles waited for the waves of U.S. planes that had been promised them but never came.

The battle is commemorated by a small museum, the only museum I've visited in Cuba, including Ernest Hemingway's house near Havana, in which it is permitted to take pictures. (The guide told us that Hemingway's grandparents were "Redskins." God knows what he thought he was saying. Hemingway's boat, the *Pilar*, stands on blocks near the gate. From the accounts of his arm-ing it and searching for U-boats, I had imagined it to be as big as a gunboat. In reality, it is closer to being a Cape Islander. There is a graveyard for dogs and cats, each with a miniature headstone.)

At the entrance to the Bay of Pigs museum there is a fighter plane: One of

those on which the CIA painted Cuban markings to give the impression that its pilot had defected from Castro's air force. The most evocative exhibit consists of photographs and mementoes of the soldiers who died for the winning side. To me, at 46, so many of them look like children. The mementoes are mostly things taken from the pockets of the dead. Handkerchiefs, toothbrushes, toothpaste, party cards and rosaries. There are a lot of rosaries.

The beer-drinkers and the ice cream-eaters eye me balefully. We have been in Cuba for two weeks, my wife and I, and this is one of the very few times that I've seen animosity in Cuban faces. Oh, in Havana the people in the streets laughed at us. A young man and a young woman from our party were publicly derided to such an extent that they fled back to their hotel. But they were wearing shorts and in Cuba short pants are for little boys. And the snickerers were equally derisive of human oddities who happened to be Cubans. I saw a pack of them baiting a crazy or drunken old man who, in the 80-degree heat, wore a thick overcoat with a high fur collar.

Not only within the resort area at Varadero, where friendliness might be expected since most of the people we've encountered there are employed by the government tourist agency, but in small towns where they seldom see a stranger let alone a foreigner, we've been greeted

with smiles, friendly gesticulations and, when we exercised our phrase book and dictionary Spanish, a patience so great as to be almost loving. On the whole, the Cubans are kinder to outsiders than any people I've met, apart from the Irish and the Newfoundlanders.

But today, here at the Bay of Pigs, there is dislike in the 40 or 50 pairs of eyes that are trained upon me. The dislike varies in degree. There are those who would laugh if something unpleasant were to happen to me, if for instance I were to be stung by one of the poisonous jellyfish they call man-of-war, and there are those who obviously would prefer that the man-of-war sting me in the upper arm, where it can stop the heart.

I can't blame them. In fact, as I finish my third stiff drink I begin to identify with them, to the point of casting unfriendly glances at my fellow tourists, especially the two punks who wear T-shirts inscribed "U.S. Marine Corps." They've never served in the Marines. They're Canadians. I can forgive the girl whose T-shirt reads "Miami." She may not know any better. But the two punks are here to rub shit in the faces of the Cubans; and the Cubans—we Cubans, I almost said, the rum working in me—have had enough shit rubbed in their faces. Before the Revolution, Americans owned 75% of the fertile soil. Fewer than 5% of rural Cubans ever tasted bread, eggs or meat. The average per capita income was \$6.00 a week. Before the Revolution—in Cuba that phrase enters naturally into the most casual and non-political conversation—this was known as the Whorehouse of the Caribbean. You could rent a woman as readily as you could rent a hotel room, and often from the same management.

The beach bum has reappeared—not here at Playa Girón where there are no foreigners in residence, but at Varadero—and so, very tentatively, has the pimp. A Canadian who arrived with a suitcase filled with panty-hose could probably carpet his room with wall-to-wall girls. Here panty-hose sell for \$4.80 a pair (waitresses are paid \$118 a month) and are rarely available at any price. In Havana, the little boys in red pants and white blouses flock around tourists in such numbers and with such persistence, chirping, "Cheek-lit, amigo," that I was reminded of the swarm of rapacious boys in *Suddenly, Last Summer*, at least to the extent of understanding why Tennessee Williams had compared them with birds: Such tireless repetitiveness. The tourist trade corrupts everything it touches. Every tourist says so.

Yet, the beach bums are harmless enough. They dance with Canadian women, who are half-drunk on horrible

concoctions such as rum milkshakes, and while they're dancing they nibble earlobes and stroke bottoms. Next week the Canadian women will go back to being wives, mothers and secretaries. But every once in a while there will be a faraway look in their eyes and they'll smile faintly to themselves, remembering Juanito or Antonio. You could say that the beach bums perform a service to humanity.

To a Canadian, even crime in Cuba has a strange innocence about it. Oh, sure, there must be muggers in Havana. It's a very big and very tough city. I'm talking about crime as it may affect a visitor at Varadero or Santa María del Mar. If your room is broken into, as was the case with the couple in the villa next to ours, it's possible that the thieves will leave your money, your travellers' cheques, your camera and your electric razor—and run off with your beach towels and underwear. The most astonishing thing about Cuba, from a Canadian point of view, is that here is a society in which money is simply not very important. You could possess a million pesos and still not be able to buy more than one pair of shoes, one pair of pants and two shirts a year.

After spending her first afternoon walking about Havana, my wife exclaimed, "A city of two million people—and not a single store!" An exaggeration, but in North American terms not very much of an exaggeration.

Attached to every apartment complex (some of which house 17,000 people and none of which has a parking lot) there is a Commercial Centre, which is usually about the size of a department store in a Canadian town with a population of five or six thousand. That's about it, aside from pubs, barber shops, ice cream parlors and little hole-in-the-wall places such as the one where we saw people line up for chickens. (There was a little wire-fenced yard in which the live birds waited to have their necks wrung.)

There are "boutiques" reserved for foreigners. But many of those listed in the 1978 travel guide we bought before leaving Canada no longer exist. Apart from rum, a rack of cotton shirts and the odd Czech tape recorder, those still in business sell pretty much the same things as little roadside souvenir stands in Canada. T-shirts, ash trays, little dolls, silly hats. They also carry very touristy pictures of Che Guevara, which surprised me almost as much as the shoeshine stands. Surely, there's nothing less egalitarian than one man kneeling to clean another man's boots.

But let's get back to the beer-drinkers and ice cream-eaters of Playa Girón.

To them, I'm a gringo.

A young bartender in Havana actually called me that. "I will not serve a gringo," he said. An innocent abroad, I thought at first that he must be joking. I had never heard the word except in a western movie. Besides, I wasn't sure what he had said. So I laughed which, naturally, enraged him. "No gringo!" he roared. The bastard was calling me a gringo! Me! who was no more a Yanqui than he was. "No gringo!" I roared back. "Oiga! Soy de el Canada! Canadiense!" Making a damn fool of myself, until another bartender poured me a drink on the understanding that I chugalug it and then get the hell out of there, which I did.

"Canadiense" didn't help there. But my wife's Canadian flag badge worked a miracle in a restaurant where at first the waiter had all but spit in our faces while three tables of Cubans literally hooted at us. Once he saw the badge, the waiter not only apologized, he made a speech in which he rebuked our fellow diners for their rudeness to two comrades—from Quebec.

We were then served an excellent dinner of roast pork, home-fried potatoes, black rice with black beans, tomatoes and ice cream. Before coming to Cuba, I was warned that the restaurants



Varadero Beach: It was friendly. Not so at the Bay of Pigs

© DEREK CARON/IMAGE BANK

Travel

which served the natives resembled soup kitchens, or worse. This isn't true of those in which we've eaten. The menu may offer only two main courses—roast pork or fried chicken—but the quality is high and the servings are generous. The two of us were given enough for four. What the Cubans don't eat they take home.

At Varadero, we eat outdoors. The houseflies are no more numerous there than they are inside. If you can't eat food that has been touched by flies, don't come to Cuba. Newcomers are easily identifiable. They keep trying to brush away the flies. There are also sparrows—so bold that they'll light beside your plate and peck at your bread—and a dozen dogs: Not famished strays but fat, overfed animals from the town. Canine beach bums. This isn't a complaint; I love it. Fresh oranges, fresh pineapple, fresh tomatoes, fresh milk, fresh fish. Except for breakfast. The Cubans have somehow acquired the macabre belief that a Canadian breakfast consists of a salami and cheese sandwich; and, God forgive them, they sweeten the coffee—sweeten the entire pot before it leaves the kitchen—or, before you can stop them, pour your cup three-quarters full of hot milk.

If you visit Cuba and are the sort of person who likes to make waitresses, chambermaids and children happy, then bring along a Polaroid-type camera. My wife has used up practically all of her film, taking pictures to give away. Rosa, who cleans our villa, wanted a picture of herself standing reverently beside a poster of Fidel. As if it were a likeness of Jesus.

Fidel! Officially, he is referred to not as the Premier but as the Commander-in-Chief. We were in the city of Cienfuegos half an hour before he arrived there to open a new hospital.

That was the most frustrating thing that has happened to me in Cuba. Missing Fidel by 30 minutes. Our bus driver claimed that he had to make a detour because a certain bridge was impassable. (We crossed it on our way back the following day.) So I had to watch his speech on television in a hotel lobby, after passing the hospital, where the little student nurses were lined up in white hats and pink dresses, and experiencing the only kind of traffic jam you're likely to find in Cuba—one caused by tens of thousands of pedestrians.

It's very strange to drive along a country road that is crowded with people on foot for as far as the eye can see. So strange that it reminded me of science fiction films and, also, of the illustrations that used to appear in Jehovah's Witnesses' books back when

their saying was, "Millions now living will never die." It was more like the books than the films, because the faces in the books were ecstatic and the faces of these Cuban men, women and children were scarcely less so. The crowds that gathered for the Sermon on the Mount must have looked like that.

I probably wouldn't have felt the religious connotations so strongly if so many of them hadn't been walking. There were buses, too, and trucks loaded with people, and people on horseback and people on bicycles. There were 20-year-old cars and 25-year-old cars and 30-year-old cars. And there were motorcycles with sidecars and funny little three-wheeled trucks made from motorcycles. But, above all, there were people walking. Walking from every direction, between the fields of sugar cane or citrus trees, past the little houses that, except that they're made



Beer and ice cream are the only luxuries

from adobe or stone instead of wood, resemble the tourist cabins that, in Canada, preceded the motel.

I watched and listened in the hotel lobby, catching about every tenth word, as Fidel worked his audience like a great symphonic conductor with his orchestra. He is given to school-teacherish little jokes, such as pretending that he only happened to drop in and is

surprised that he is expected to speak. At the end, as always, he shouted "Patria o Muerte!" "Fatherland or Death!" The crowd sang the National Anthem, and the television crew muffed it horribly, turning the cameras on the politicians—many of them pudgy, many of them grim-faced, few of them singing and that few obviously uncomfortable about it—when they should have stayed focused on the little pink and white probies and the little red and white "cheek-lit amigos." I was glad that they muffed it. It was reassuring to find that this was a Revolution without a Goebbels.

Tomorrow we are flying back to Canada. If I come back to Cuba, I'll bring candles. There has been a power failure every night, ranging in duration from a minute or two to seven hours.

And I'll remember that the letter "C" on a water tap stands for *Caliente*, and not "Cold."

Trivia. What else have I learned here?

The Revolution is irreversible. When the Cuban masses chant "Fatherland or Death!" they mean it. They'd die rather than give up what they've gained since 1959. Every time that I see another of those huge apartment complexes I reflect that an invader would have to fight for every room.

And this: Freedom is a luxury that I'd find it painful to live without.

I've had to choke back a giggle each time I've been taken to meet a Cuban writer. I know that certain precautions are advisable. But, never having lived under an authoritarian government, I can't help feeling silly. It seems so childish, this dodging in and out of alleys, this business of opening the door of an apartment the merest crack, peering out and then—if the hallway is empty—making a dash for the backstairs, these carefully arranged "accidental" meetings in parks, this waving of handkerchiefs from windows. Like playing Cops and Robbers. Except that it isn't a game. These aren't "dissident" writers; they're simply writers.

I startled the first Cuban writer I met by offering to send him a copy of my novel. Startled him by my naiveté. "But it would be expropriated," he said. His tone wasn't terribly different from that of the tour guide earlier today when he told a sweet old lady from British Columbia that, no, the Bay of Pigs isn't a part of the Mediterranean.

Thinking of those Cuban writers I come close to tears. Not from sadness. Call it gratitude. The heart-rending kind of gratitude you sometimes feel when you receive a gift that you've done nothing to deserve and know you can never repay.



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Sports

On the way up: A tough kid with fast hands. Cocky, too

Chris Clarke: "If you think like a loser, you'll be a loser"

Chris Clarke, 23, champion boxer, ignores his lunch for a moment in a downtown Halifax restaurant and a flash of anger lights up his dark eyes. He has just been told that some boxing fans don't think he's all that great a fighter. "Whoever said that doesn't know what they're talking about," he says. He returns to his french-fries and gravy.

Clarke is the new (and left-handed) British Commonwealth welterweight champion and he's a little cocky or, as he says, "confident—there's a difference." Whatever, he has some reason to swagger. This past summer, he impressed nearly 11,000 Halifax fans when he won the title from another Nova Scotian, defending champ Clyde Gray, with a dramatic display of courage and durability in one of the most entertaining matches in Nova Scotia's substantial boxing history.

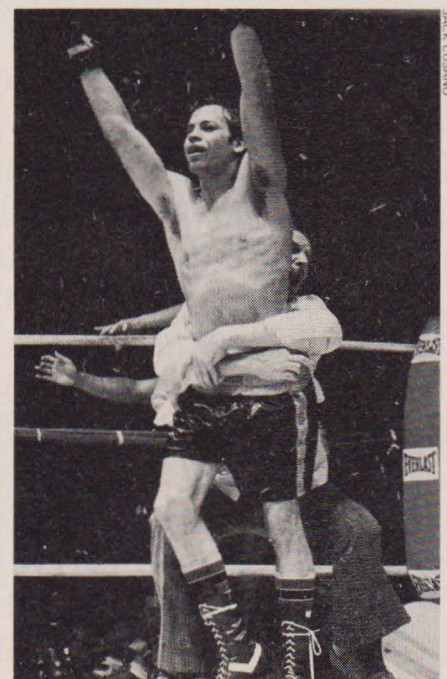
Clarke took a ferocious pounding from the more experienced champion but, amazingly, stayed on his feet and kept fighting back. Finally, he opened an ugly gash above Gray's right eye in the 10th round and the fight was stopped. The ring doctor decided the cut was too severe to allow Gray to continue. Clarke was the new champion, the respect of Halifax's discriminating boxing fans ringing in his ears, his face battered and bruised, his confidence still firmly intact.

"If you think like a loser, you'll be a loser," he said. "Sure, he was hitting me but I knew early he couldn't knock me out. So I stayed cool and was never hurt bad. And I knew he'd weaken." There is a good reason for the measured coolness and confidence Clarke shows. He's been boxing since he was 11 and has had 101 fights, 81 as an amateur, 20 as a pro, and has lost only five times, all as an amateur. His best moment as an amateur came in the 1975 Pan-American Games when he won a gold medal. His most disappointing was in the 1976 Olympics in Montreal when he was defeated because of a cut he claimed was the result of a head butt from his Hungarian opponent. Disillusioned and discouraged, he never had another amateur bout. At 19, he turned professional, and now, he's riding high.

He's in a position to make big money. (His share of the title fight in Halifax was \$19,000; he took home about \$10,000.)

Clarke has come a long way since, at 14, he first walked into a north-end Halifax boxing club, a sleazy former nightclub that had been turned into a makeshift gym. Clarke had boxed at a similar place when he was 11, but quit. This time, he stayed. Son of a long-shoreman and one of six children—his brother Allan is also a pro boxer—Clarke grew up in what he describes as a tough neighborhood on Barrington Street, not far from Camille's Fish and Chips. He hung out in his early teens with a neighborhood gang called "The Halifax Bums," who imitated the infamous local motorcycle gang, "The 13th Tribe." The "Bums" used bicycles rather than motorcycles, and "we just cruised around and made a lot of noise. Nothing serious. We'd fight now and then but, believe it or not, I'd rarely scrap. I'd leave that to the bigger guys."

He tried boxing for "something to do" and it was in the former nightclub on Barrington Street that he first met



Clarke, riding high: "Listen, I'm no dummy"

his manager and trainer, Dave Singer. Singer has been with him ever since. "I liked him from the start," Singer said. "He just flowed around and had something you can't teach a fighter—natural anticipation. He still has it."

Singer, 37, had a brief boxing stint in the army. He thinks Clarke's best is still to come: "He's matured a lot and he showed it in that Gray fight. He showed character, and that's something many fighters don't have." But despite Clarke's gritty performance against Gray, and his spotless professional record, there are still doubters. Clarke's strengths are obvious—swift hands, agile footwork and, as vividly displayed in the Gray bout, rock-hard toughness. But *Ring Magazine* correspondent Gerry Spears sees flaws: "He still looks amateurish at times. He gets hit too often by good fighters." Lawyer-promoter Don Kerr thinks Clarke's lack of a knockout punch hurts his chances to be a top world contender. Even Singer thinks Clarke needs honing as a defensive fighter, but says, "He's come a long way and we're going to work on those weaknesses."

Clarke himself admits he was hit too often with right leads in the Gray fight. Then, he says, "Listen, I'm no dummy. I'm going to look closely at the television tapes with Dave [Singer] and we'll make changes."

At *Atlantic Insight's* press time Clarke was due for a tune-up fight that everyone expected him to win before going again against Gray, perhaps later this month. The rematch would be another big step in a life that boxing has dominated. He decided to quit high school in Grade 12 to train properly for the Olympics, and now works as a storeman at Halifax dockyard. He's refreshingly definite about his future. "I'm going to see how far I can go as a world contender and then retire early. I don't want to stick around and get bashed around like a lot of guys who are washed up when they're in their thirties."

Some day, he hopes, he'll train young amateurs in boxing, but he regrets some of the aspects of youth he lost as a fighter. "I wouldn't encourage any kid to turn pro. My life has been all boxing. I never even got around to girls until I was 19. That's crazy." But the long-time routine is contagious. In much of his spare time he trains the 13-year-old son of an old friend. Unfortunately, he'll never be able to teach the boy one of the qualities that helps make superior fighters: The ability to take a punch squarely on the jaw and stay on your feet. You either have that, or you don't. The big crowd who watched his title fight that August night in Halifax saw it from a distance. Clyde Gray saw it first-hand.

— Harris Sullivan

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Science



Chesley W. Carter: "...a true scientist says everything is possible"

Can radionics kill the budworm and save the world?

Orthodox science says no. Chesley W. Carter says maybe

Otto Rank, psychiatry pioneer who analysed mythology, said: "Most primitive people show distinct fear of a too life-like image. The horror of having a portrait or photograph made is to be found all over the world. Those people are afraid that a stranger getting hold of their image might expose them to some evil, possibly death." Most of us now have no fear of the camera but, if a pest-control system called radionics proves effective, perhaps we should. A practitioner of radionics kills bugs by sticking a poisoned photograph of their terrain in a radio-like apparatus. Or that's the theory, anyway.

Chesley W. Carter, 17 years MP for Burin-Burgeo in Newfoundland and 11 years senator for the Grand Banks until his retirement at age 75 two years ago, believes radionics may be the answer to the spruce budworm plague. For four years, he's been trying to interest someone in testing it; and now he has helped form an Ottawa-based international organization called the Planetary Association for Clean Energy. It aims to promote development of ideas orthodox science spurns.

Carter's survival to age 77 is itself an improbable science story. Medical science. He went to war at 14, was

gassed, was sent to die at a hospital for incurables in England, recovered, worked his way to a Dalhousie University science degree at 31. He now feels Canadian science has failed at not only the budworm problem but also at transmitting power out of Churchill Falls so that Newfoundland benefits. Currently Newfoundland must sell cheap to Quebec, which resells dear to the market.

Carter says: "When I took science, science was a bit of a mystery. It was almost in direct conflict with religion. If you believed in science, if you had any science training, you were supposed to be an atheist because almost anything scientific was supposed to be contradictory to the Bible and religion. I never subscribed to that. To me a true scientist says everything is possible. And you go out and experiment. But we have developed a new kind of scientist today who is shackled by convention, mainly by Einstein. The scientist today asks first how well does an idea fit into this framework. If it doesn't fit, he doesn't want anything to do with it because he's afraid he's going to hurt his reputation. His peers are going to say he's a bit of a kook. This is one of the reasons we've lost the pioneering spirit. Science has become a dogma."

Teacher, inspector of schools, Second World War major, Education Department administrator, Carter lived in an Ottawa rooming house for years while his wife, the former Elsie Webber, raised their three children alone in St. John's—all so he could help get such basics as telephones and medical care for his Port aux Basques area constituents. He was still at it when he attended a meeting Senator Margaret Norrie of Truro had arranged. She had met a man on a plane with a possible budworm solution. Andrew Michrowski of Ottawa, an architect and a futurologist with the Secretary of State Department, explained radionics. Carter, a member of the Senate science committee, decided it was worth testing, but no one agreed. He also learned of Nikola Tesla, a free-wheeling turn-of-the-century inventor who produced the commonly used AC current and fluorescent lights, and claimed you could transmit electricity without wires. Churchill Falls in mind, Carter sought tests and was laughed at again. The Planetary Association for Clean Energy was born this year, with Michrowski first president.

Radionics did get a brief trial in New Brunswick in 1976. Edward J. Klich of Klimac Associates, Downsview, Ont., conducted experiments at Berwick, Kings County, and Fredericton. Ray Brown, UNB forestry professor, said: "The tests were not as extensive as we

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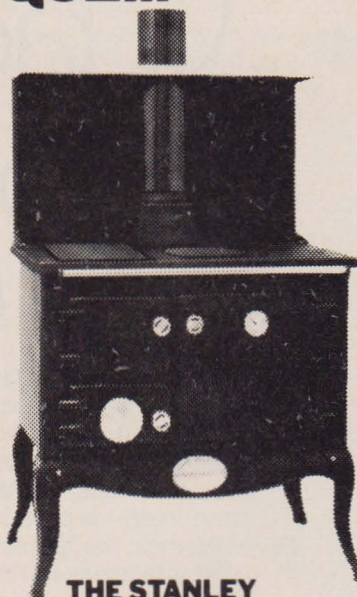
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Science

wanted, but there was a distinct difference between the treated area and the control area." Brown thought more experiments were warranted. Klich says radionics works on the theory that all living things, including plants, have their own characteristic vibrations by which they receive and transmit energy. The radionics apparatus pinpoints the frequency of the vibrations and transmits energy. Klich says, "It doesn't kill the budworm, but it strengthens the tree to repel it." Here he parts company with two books in which radionics is discussed, *The Secret Life of Plants* by Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird and *Magic: Science of the Future* by Joseph Goodavage. They say insects have been killed by radionics; voodoo-doll military weapons can't be ruled out.

Goodavage, a former New York Journalist who now lives near New Brunswick in Whitefield, Me., says a group in Maine will soon test radionics against the budworm again. "The experiment, we believe, will not kill bees or birds or harmless insects. It will only drive off the budworm." But governments remain skeptical and "large pesticide companies are working to discredit radionics research." Dr. Frederick Conron of Quebec City, who writes on horticulture and works for the Quebec Education Department, says: "Governments should be more receptive to this, especially in New Brunswick. Radionics and such sciences can be compared to the new science of Galileo, which everyone once laughed at. The Russians are far more receptive to this new area of science."

Carl Schliecher of Washington, D.C., is a former U.S. Navy officer whose company, Mankind Research Unlimited, markets a radionics machine. He says: "We have machines all over America which are being used to control various agriculture pests. The machines are still in the experimental stage and are used by selected people. We have no negative feedback so far." The machines aren't perfect "but neither are pesticides."

As for Carter, now living at Oyster Pond (near Halifax) part of the year, dealing with the incredible is nothing new. All the time he was in Ottawa, fellow Liberal Joey Smallwood was premier. Carter took a Senate appointment in 1966 partly because "I was fed up fighting Joey all the way." Twenty years ago Carter fought to save the salt-fish industry that he says Smallwood wanted to wind down. Now, booming markets vindicate him. He's applying this same stubbornness in his current campaign.

—Jon Everett

Medicine

Death with dignity

Hospitals treat, cure, prolong life, but this fall in St. John's, one hospital is opening a 10-bed section specifically to care for those who know they are about to die. It's in St. Clare's Mercy Hospital, it's the first of its kind in Atlantic Canada, and it's called the Palliative Care Unit. "Palliate" means "to alleviate disease without curing," and those who go to the unit have no hope of a cure. The place will give them a measure of comfort and dignity in their last days.

It's on the third floor of a new wing, near the chapel, and its windows overlook the harbor. It has six private and two semi-private rooms, with cheerfully painted walls and hanging plants. In many hospitals, mirrors confront the bed-ridden, and the terminally ill often find them deeply depressing. In the Palliative Care Unit, patients will face restful pictures. Rather than metal wheelchairs, they'll have reclining chairs on castors for moving from room to room. Carpets will reduce corridor sounds. The unit has a solarium, a Quiet Room, conference room and kitchen, in which patients can use a microwave oven to warm food that relatives bring. Most importantly, there's room for the relatives to stay overnight.

"The atmosphere will be as close to home as possible," Sister Mary Fabian says. She's the administrator at St. Clare's. Family involvement in the care of the patient, she believes, is vital; and the unit will enable family members to take turns at the patient's side. What's also vital is the use of drugs, taken orally, to control pain. The unit will prepare drug mixtures to suit each patient, to keep the patient free of pain but, at the same time, alert. A written policy of St. Clare's Mercy Hospital's Palliative Care Unit says: "Reverence for human life is expressed not perhaps by prolonging life, but by assisting the patients to live fully, to preserve mental alertness and to experience the support

of a family and a caring community.... Family should be part of the separation process, 'the giving and receiving, a coming together and a letting go.'"

England was the leader in the establishment of special places for the dying. There, many of the terminally ill go to separate buildings, called "hospices." The idea began to catch on in the States, and in 1975, the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal opened Canada's first Palliative Care Unit, the model for the new one in St. John's. Dr. Balfour Mount, director of the Montreal unit, says, "The end of life is also a time of unparalleled potential for personal and interpersonal growth for the patient and his family."

The idea behind special care for the dying is that they need medical attention they can't normally get at home but they also need the constant, loving, personal care they can't normally get in a hospital. If they can see the people they love only during hospital visiting hours they live in a state of lonely anxiety that may be as bad as the pain they're suffering. In addition to family, however, they also need professional help. In St. John's, head nurse Ann O'Brien recently returned from a month's training at the Royal Vic. The unit will be able to call on psychologists, social workers, clergy and volunteers as well.

"We have a committee working on volunteers," Sister Fabian says. "They have to be people who've had experience with death themselves, and must really want to work with the terminally ill. Many of them will have had experience in home care." Sister Fabian foresees problems with the new unit, but says, "We can't wait for the ideal.... We have to start somewhere.... We will be playing it by ear, with no hard-and-fast rules, adapting to suit individuals." And what about those the dying are leaving behind? Trained staff will support grief-struck families. Sometimes, the bereaved need help, too. ☒

Palliative care unit: The atmosphere will be close to home



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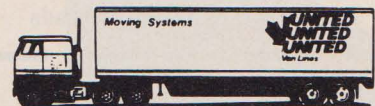
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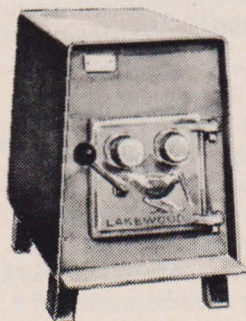
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In Newfoundland, Quebec is "an imperialist bully"

The stalemate over Labrador power continues. And continues

One fine day last September, a new lapel pin suddenly blossomed on the small, proud chest of Premier René Lévesque. Identical ornaments appeared over the hearts of his cabinet. Referendum pins: In bright red, the word *Oui* shone from tiny gold maps of Quebec. They included all of Labrador and, for Quebec-Newfoundland relations, it was an ominous sign.

Meanwhile, a senior Quebec political aide winced when a reporter invited him to justify his province's case in its festering dispute with Newfoundland over development of Labrador's hydro-electric potential: "We don't like to talk about Labrador at a time when we're trying to convince people we can negotiate sovereignty association with the rest of Canada."

His embarrassed reluctance is understandable. Despite Lévesque's pledge of good faith, and the creation two years ago of a Quebec-Newfoundland committee to work out plans for joint development of Labrador's rivers, there is little prospect for anything but more head-knocking. Quebec refuses to mollify Newfoundland anger over the low price Hydro-Quebec pays for the production of the two provinces' first joint venture, Churchill Falls, and because Quebec electricity consumption is rising more slowly than expected, it's in no hurry to see other Labrador sites developed. Its position is no better an example of Quebec's willingness to work out new deals with its neighbors than is its official repudiation of its 52-year-old border with Labrador.

Lévesque asked Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford in August to propose a solution to the Labrador power conflict but the invitation was just a stalling tactic. Quebec has no intention of giving up the cheap power it gets from Churchill Falls under a 65-year contract.

Though Hydro-Quebec's own contracts with U.S. buyers are open-priced, with payments tied to the cost of alternative energy sources, Quebec adamantly refuses to give Newfoundland more money or cede a bigger share of Churchill Falls power back to New-

foundland. "We know we have a good deal," the Quebec official said, "but a contract is a contract."

Quebec doesn't worry about Newfoundland's attempt to secure a legal judgment that would give it more Churchill Falls power: "This thing will end up in the Supreme Court of Canada and a decision won't come for years."

Newfoundland will not go ahead with new joint power projects until the Churchill Falls contract is changed. The deadlock blocks construction of a power station on the lower Churchill River at Gull Island—where potential output surpasses Newfoundland's current consumption. Meanwhile, Quebec energy planners scoff at Newfoundland's ambitions to construct a tunnel to carry transmission cables under the Strait of Belle Isle or a separate surface line across Quebec to the Maritime provinces. Hydro-Quebec analysts tell their government such transmission facilities would make Gull Island uneconomic, that it can be developed only if Hydro-Quebec buys its output.

Newfoundland's bargaining leverage has been Quebec's desire to dam rivers that cross the Quebec-Labrador boundary on their way to the St. Lawrence River. But demand for electricity lags behind predictions and Quebec's former Energy minister believes it can forego development of those rivers until 1995.

But Newfoundland can at least take heart from the idea that the lapel pins may be symbols of nationalist bluster more than tokens of intention. The boundary is not an issue in energy discussions and Quebec negotiators privately concede that Quebec's territorial ambitions are just part of nationalist folklore. No Quebec government would dare offend the nationalists by admitting the loss of Labrador.

Unfortunately, few Quebecers are even aware of Newfoundlanders' nationalism or their bitterness against Quebec. And it is not the Parti Québécois government that will inform Quebecers of their own reputation as imperialist bullies. Not when Quebec is so busy playing victim to the English-speaking provinces. ☒

A large, stylized Union Jack flag serves as the background for the top half of the page. The flag is composed of red, white, and blue geometric shapes: a large red cross on a white background, with blue triangles in the four quadrants.

The eyes of Newfoundland



NEWFOUNDLAND'S #1
TELEVISION NETWORK

Predicting earthquakes in Atlantic Canada remains "guessing game"

For most of us the Atlantic provinces are a region of tranquillity: Solid, rockbound coastlines surrounding granite outcrops which display scars of earlier unsuccessful glacial assaults. Yet two earthquakes shook the southern Atlantic area and northern Maine in the past six months. The quakes were small: Less than four on a scale known to reach 8.9. But they're raising questions among scientists and environmentalists. Some wonder if the tremors are a new phenomenon caused by man's tinkering with the environment. There are fears that, whatever their cause, the quakes could affect projects like the Point Lepreau nuclear reactor or the Fundy tidal power project.

In fact, earthquakes have occurred in this region for more than 400 years. But no one understands why. Most have been minor, but there have been big, damaging ones, too. In the 1880s Moncton got a jolt estimated at about 6.5. The National Building Code ranks the Bay of Fundy area at two on a scale of zero to three, suggesting the possibility of moderate earthquake damage. In Canada, only the St. Lawrence River Valley and coastal British Columbia have higher indices. The Atlantic region rates high partly because offshore earthquakes can be sizable. In 1929 a quake

registering 7.2 hit the south coast of Newfoundland. It generated a tidal wave that struck the Burin Peninsula, killing more than 30 people and causing more than \$1-million damage.

Seismologists have given the Bay of Fundy special attention since the Point Lepreau power plant got under way. Moreover, construction may soon begin on a preliminary small-scale tidal barrier in the Bay, and a new wrinkle has appeared. Will the raising of the tides by a full-scale barrier cause earthquakes?

Scientists have known since 1936 that, in earthquake-prone areas, tremors increase sharply with the filling of reservoirs behind newly constructed dams. It happened first when Lake Mead rose behind the then-new Hoover dam. They believe high water pressure spreads to the rocks below and increases the stress. A study at Lake Mendocino, a reservoir about 150 km north of San Francisco, showed the area suffered seven earthquakes since 1959, four of them within six months of the largest water-level changes in the lake's 20-year history.

Dr. Christopher Beaumont of Dalhousie University has tried to assess the danger that could result from increased tidal loading in the Bay of Fundy. But he could neither confirm nor deny that a threat exists. So little

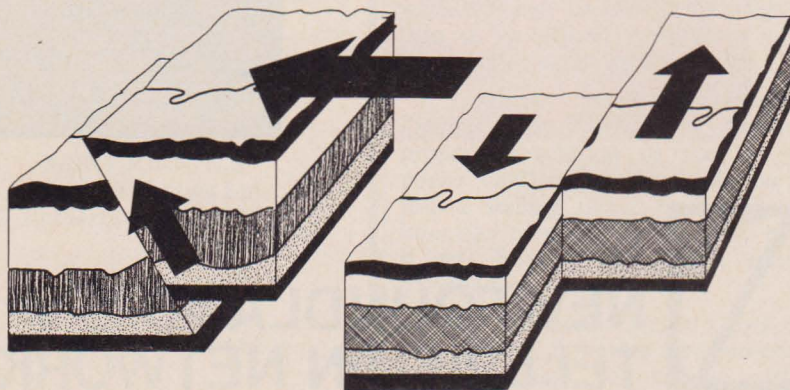
research has been done that we don't even know whether the crust beneath the Bay is under stress. But since two minor earthquakes occurred under the Bay as recently as 1975, it's clear that stresses must build up. Beaumont thinks the worst that could happen might be advancing the occurrence of a quake by a few days or years. But we need more research to know for sure.

Earthquakes happen when stresses within the earth's crust are suddenly released. Picture a fault or fracture in which both sides are trying to slide by in opposite directions: Instead they become stuck and the forces build. Rocks bulge or crack until they break. Then, both sides of the fault suddenly slip and slide, with considerable jumping and shaking, to produce an earthquake. The earthquake-rich areas of the world usually lie along plate boundaries. "Plates" are the 20-or-so interlocking pieces of the earth's crust and, since they constantly grind against each other, their edges are the sites of incredible geological activity.

Scientists have got better at predicting earthquakes in the past 10 years. But the state of the art is still like that of powered flight immediately after the Wright brothers. They've tried making complex measurements of the ability of rocks to pass electrical currents and of changes in the earth's magnetic or gravitational field. They've also tried observing the level of water in wells and the behavior of animals—methods especially popular in Russia and China. In November 1978 Russian scientists predicted a quake within 24 hours of its occurrence by observing 10 artesian wells. As soon as the rocks began to fracture, their capacity to retain water declined. The earthquake alarm went out when the wells went dry. The Chinese have shown that old superstitions about the ability of animals to sense impending tremors could be valid. Dogs often begin to bark, cattle bellow mournfully and catfish leap out of ponds. No one knows why, but research suggests the animals could be sensitive to changes in barometric pressure, electrostatic charge in the air or even high frequency sound.

Whether these advances will be useful to studies in Atlantic Canada isn't clear. We are several thousand kilometres from the nearest plate edge and conditions could be quite different from those where research activity is most intense. Until we've done more of our own homework, predicting where, how and why a quake may strike here remains a guessing game.

—Robert Fournier



In two faults, plates rear up (left) or grind against each other (right)

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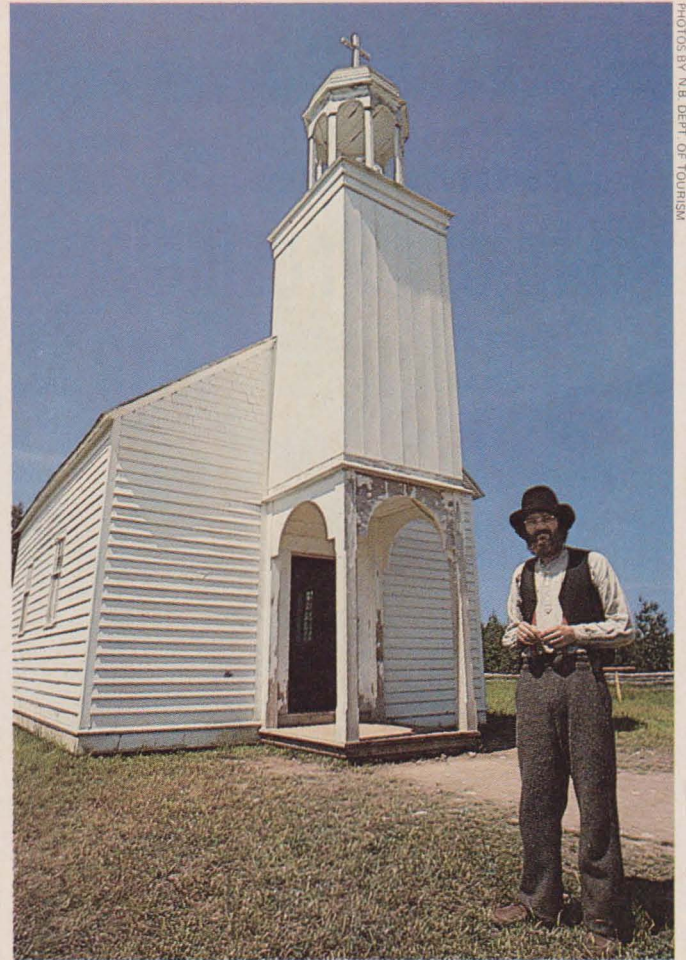
Acadia's story comes to life

At N.B.'s Village Historique Acadien, it's thrilling visitors by the thousands

For years," says Antoine Landry, descendant of one of the original Acadian settlers of Caraquet, N.B., "I considered myself French Canadian, nothing more, nothing less. But now the *Village Historique Acadien* has given me a pride in my own unique background, in being Acadian." He's not the only one who's discovering his roots, inspired by the re-created Acadian settlement between Grand Anse and Caraquet in northeastern New Brunswick. The Village was the brainchild of the provincial government, funded under a federal-provincial agreement. It draws visitors from all over Canada, as well as the United States and Europe.

When work on re-creating the old Acadian settlement began, it turned local people off. The faithful reproductions of 1780-1880 settlement houses spoke eloquently of a poverty Acadians seldom associated with their ancestors, and it shocked them. A crash course in local history changed that and now, three years after the Village's official opening, local residents are proud to tell you how it was: "How could we have possessions in 1780? Even if you were descended from a French noble family, almost everything of value would have been left behind during the 1755 Expulsion. If you went into hiding in the woods and maybe built a new house, it was just as likely to be burned down again." That's what happened to many early Acadians. They wound up, 25 years after the Expulsion, bereft of personal possessions but with

Chores are community events—carried out with zest



A chapel bell tolls at the restored Village



an iron determination to survive. Jean-Yves Theriault, director of the Village, and Landry, its public relations director, want to make sure their story stays alive.

Tracing New Brunswick Acadian history wasn't easy. Few records survive but word of mouth, especially the memories of older people, was invaluable. So was the painstaking research of the restorationists, although budget cuts have thinned staff ranks. "They have given us a Cadillac to run with a Volkswagen gas budget," Landry says. Nevertheless, the Village is coming alive in a way that makes you think it was always there. Ox carts rumble over a wooden bridge that spans a blue stream. Golden haystacks dot the meadows. A chapel bell tolls from across the fields and the smell of chicken *fricot* and baking bread floats from the settlement houses.



Like Kings Landing, the Village is a working settlement



Bereft of possessions, Acadians had one thing: The determination to survive



Most of the homes are simple, built of timbers placed one over the other, with rooms added one at a time. Some of the more primitive *maisonnettes* even have mud floors. Costumed guides welcome you and the period furnishings are authentic reproductions. Researchers salvaged old utensils from every attic and shed in the vicinity and elsewhere in the province. Every nail used in construction is hand-formed in the blacksmith's shop on the site. Local artisans make the guides' costumes from flax and wool—grown, processed by hand, colored with natural dyes and woven on the premises.

Early Acadians had a way of dyking sea marshlands which their English and Québécois neighbors had written off as unworkable. So the Village stands on the Rivière du Nord where researchers discovered some of the 200-year-old *aboiteaux*—the Acadian name for the dyking system—still in existence. They also found a local man who'd learned dyke construction from his grandfather. Using his expertise, the Village now reclaims land in the old way and provides a plentiful crop of saltmarsh hay.

Like its English counterpart, Kings Landing near Fredericton, the Acadian Village is a working settlement. But no one's surprised as they walk its hard-packed lanes to hear the sound of fiddle music. It's a sure sign that a "frolic" is in progress. That could mean a community carding, spinning or washing of wool, all carried out with old-time zest: "Anyone could end up in the horse trough," Landry says.

The highlight of the season is the fair and auction in September. People come from all around to bid on dried cod from the fishing complex, fatted pigs from the farms, early furniture reproductions by Village craftsmen and produce from the gardens. "You'll see someone pay \$30 for a skinny old chicken they wouldn't look at in a shop," Landry says, "but everyone has a good time."

The Village attracted 115,000 visitors in its short 1979 season—it's open from June to September. They come from Louisiana, France, Quebec and the Atlantic provinces. "It's almost an emotional experience," one visitor said. "You'll find people around you wiping away tears and saying 'We've never had anything like this—never!'" At this summer's *Tintamarre* festival, held to celebrate 375 years of Acadian history in the region, those feelings found perfect expression. Hundreds of Acadians, gathered at the *Village Historique Acadien*, roared their commitment to their long-adopted country: *On est venu c'est pour rester* ("We have come to stay").

— Colleen Thompson



The sound of fiddles draws everyone to a "frolic"

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Flashback

"When you gotta' go, Joey, you gotta' go"

One day in Newfoundland, 30 years ago, the Prime Minister of Canada had an urgent need

Hard on the heels of Newfoundland's 1949 vote to enter Confederation there was a federal election. As a reporter, I covered the coast-to-coast campaign tour of Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent. It reached Newfoundland that June, and Premier Joey Smallwood conducted the man then known as "Uncle Louie" everywhere he went. St. Laurent was heading for a smashing victory. Joey was revelling in the victory that he, above all others, had just won. But they made an odd couple: St. Laurent patrician, dignified, like some obelisk of integrity incongruously mounted in the circus soil of politics; Smallwood a politician to the core, a folk hero, loved, hated, loquacious, ebullient, a spellbinding imp cradled in a ballot box.

The first morning, a cavalcade set out from St. John's to bear the Liberal litany to the people. We drove straight through to Carbonear on what was then a Newfoundland rarity, a paved road. Then we turned about and the politics began, with Smallwood as the keystone. At each village along Conception Bay, he addressed the assembled throngs, hailing the blessings that Confederation would bestow, hailing Uncle Louie as a messiah. "Do you know," he would say, building tempo with repetition, "do you know, you people of Newfoundland, how many greeted this great man, this greatest of all Canadians, do you know how many greeted him at the airport last evening? Five thousand people! Five thousand people greeted the Prime Minister of all Canada at the airport. And do you know, can you imagine, can you picture how many will greet him in St. John's tonight? At the greatest political rally in the history of Newfoundland. Do you know? Fifteen thousand people will greet this greatest of all Canadians at the greatest political rally in the history of Newfoundland. And you must be there."

Then he would say there wasn't much time, that the people would understand, they would know that the schedule was tight. But the greatest of all Canadians did want to say a few

words. Not many, you see, but a few. And he did, but not as many as Joey. Joey had already consumed much of the precious time. And Uncle Louie didn't have to say much in 1949 anyway. The country was happy, prosperous, proud; proud of itself, proud of its prime minister, that solid, brilliant and reserved man from small-town Quebec via the panelled walls of corporation law.

Then we'd be off again, and in the next community we'd witness a carbon copy of what had happened in the last one. The only change was Joey Smallwood's mathematics. The airport multitude grew to 6,000, the multitude about to descend upon St. John's to 20,000. Through Harbour Grace, Spaniard's Bay, Bay Roberts and on we sped, through evergreen decorations in the streets, through banners, through the echoing of shotguns, and those figures kept growing—to 8,000, to 25,000. The cavalcade kept growing, too. For it was not only election time, it was June 24, the holiday-anniversary of that historic 1497 landing when John Cabot thought he had reached Asia but claimed the land anyway, for the British Crown. Cars kept feeding into the lines, and other vehicles and one big truck, I remember, that came roaring out of a side road, packed with clamorous people waving flags and banners.

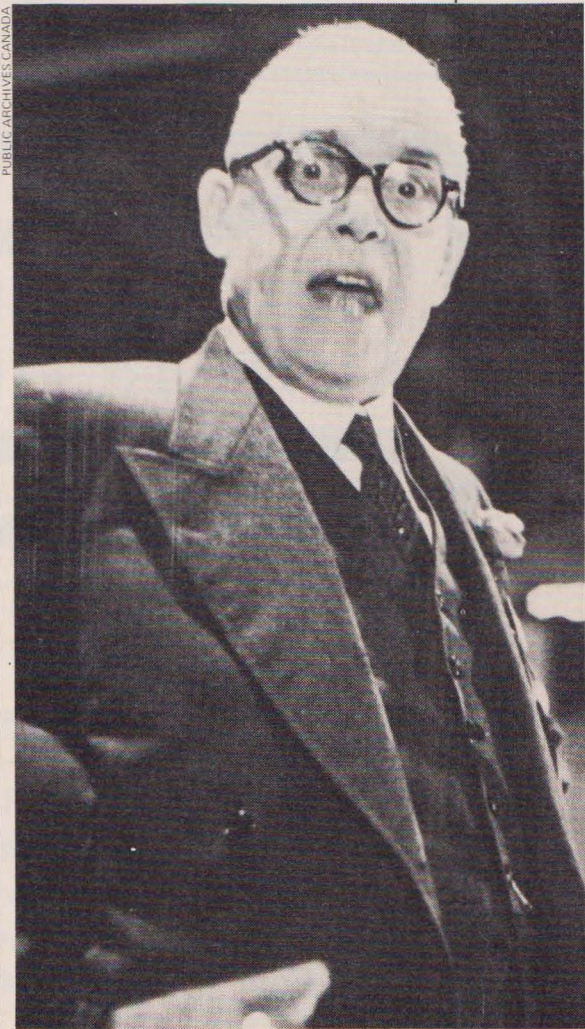
On we charged, right through the lunch hour, on well into the afternoon, without a break, without a bite to eat. Then, suddenly, mysteriously, police came along on motorcycles and waved us to the side of the road. Food materialized as by magic, pies and soft drinks, a political equivalent of the loaves and fishes. I ate, and then went to a knoll and looked back. Cars and trucks and motorcycles were strung out through rural emptiness as far as the eye could see, all pointed towards St. John's and that promised crescendo, the greatest political rally in the history of Newfoundland.

No one seemed to know why we had stopped. No one seemed to know why we hadn't stopped earlier. Amidst the whirl of events, I forgot to ask. It

was only years after that I found out. I met a Liberal bigwig who was there that day and, suddenly remembering, I asked him, and he said it was his opinion that we probably wouldn't have stopped at all if Joey Smallwood had had his way. He had momentum going. He had sweet momentum going, you see, and he wanted to keep it going. But the Prime Minister of Canada finally told the Premier of Newfoundland that, while he was happy to do all he could for the cause, he simply had to go. So scores of vehicles stopped. And he went. That Liberal bigwig chuckled at the memory. As sedate and stately and distinguished a prime minister as there could possibly be vanished into the bushes at the side of the road.

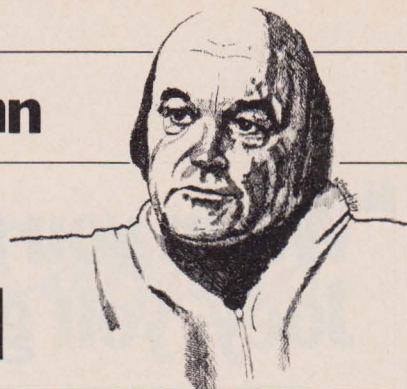
Do you know, can you imagine how many people were fed that day because the Prime Minister of Canada had to go? Do you know how many waited while he did? I don't, but it was a multitude. There was a large political rally in St. John's that night, but it was an anti-climax.

—Douglas How



A sedate PM vanished into the bushes

Dalton Camp's column



Rich Newfoundland will put bluenoses out of joint. Good

Those of us who live in New Brunswick, or Prince Edward Island, for that matter, will welcome the news of Newfoundland's oil discovery. For myself, I hope the stuff comes out of their ears for years. Making Newfoundland rich and famous—another Canadian emirate like Alberta—will put Nova Scotia in its place.

Nova Scotia has always been the most favored, famous, and most uppity of the Atlantic provinces. In nearly all the economic indices for Canada's provinces given out by Statistics Canada, it comes in seventh, ahead of New Brunswick (eighth), Prince Edward Island (ninth), and Newfoundland (last). It is more often than not the same order of finish for interprovincial bonspiels, Canada Games, golf tournaments, yacht races, and duplicate bridge.

Nova Scotia is also the province in Atlantic Canada best known to foreigners, particularly foreign Americans. This is not because Nova Scotians know how to make friends and influence people—not at all, as anyone will tell you who has met a few of them—but because Longfellow's poem about Evangeline, the Halifax explosion, the Moose River Mine disaster, the *Bluenose*, and the Second World War (including the Halifax riot), have all combined to make Nova Scotia world-renowned. For millions of people who know it only by reputation, Nova Scotia has become a place you'd like to visit if only to see the ruins.

Nova Scotians have always looked down their noses at their sister provinces who were less well known than they. True, Prince Edward Island

was the Cradle of Confederation and there was that girl at Green Gables; indeed, Islanders provably have the highest per capita history of any Canadian province but because they are also a modest people, compared to Nova Scotians, and few in numbers, this is easily overlooked.

As for New Brunswick, what can anyone say? That Lord Beaverbrook often slept there, or that Anne Murray (born in N.S., of course) went to school at UNB? The only thing New Brunswick has to rival Nova Scotia's notoriety in history is the Bricklin, but worthy as that might be, it's not really enough to overtake Nova Scotia.

When Newfoundland entered Confederation, Nova Scotians were delighted: It gave them another 400,000

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Canadians to look down upon. (Where do you suppose "Newfie" jokes started, if not in Halifax?) The province of Nova Scotia moved a little higher above the salt when Newfoundland came to the table, and moved up a notch in the standings at StatsCan.

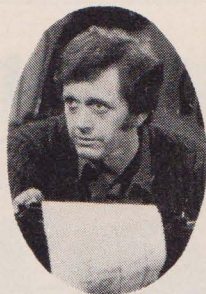
None of this should be thought of as bitter. Heavens, no. After all, any region, such as New England, for example, will have its natural socio-economic, cultural centre, such as Massachusetts, where it is assumed the better people live. Nova Scotia has always been the centre of the Maritimes and those from these parts who are not Nova Scotians have learned to live with it. When travelling abroad and confronted by the blank stares of people who have never heard of where we said we were from, we could always say we came from just next door to Nova Scotia, which made everyone feel better.

There's more to it than that, of course. The Bank of Nova Scotia gave the province a reputation for financial acumen and thrift which was quite undeserved. The international fame of Nova Scotia smoked salmon has nothing to do with Nova Scotia either, although the free advertising has been worth a fortune. The province also has not been above suggesting that Alexander Graham Bell was a local Cape Breton inventor.

So there they were—the Nova Scotians—a people with a proud, eventful history who had managed to convince the rest of the Maritimes and half the world that they were a shrewd, innovative, gifted race, and a good deal more sophisticated, cultured and fun than any of their neighbors.

But, as Eliza Doolittle said to Henry Higgins, just you wait. When Newfoundland becomes rich, it will also become famous, more famous in the modern world of high finance, and petro-dollars, and among the jet set of industrial developers than any Maritime province has ever been or could hope to be. Imagine the annual flood of tourists overflying the Maritimes, or arriving by sea, come to be seen in St. John's, to buy postcards of Signal Hill, find out more about Alcock and Brown, and dine out on cod au gratin and Newfoundland cheek! What will all this do to Nova Scotians—when they're number two—and they're merely like the rest of us, which is a damsite poorer than Newfoundlanders?

As I remarked the other day to a man from Summerside, if Nova Scotians want to find out what it will be like for them as citizens of just another Atlantic province, we can tell them. It's nothing you can't get used to, once you know your place. ☒



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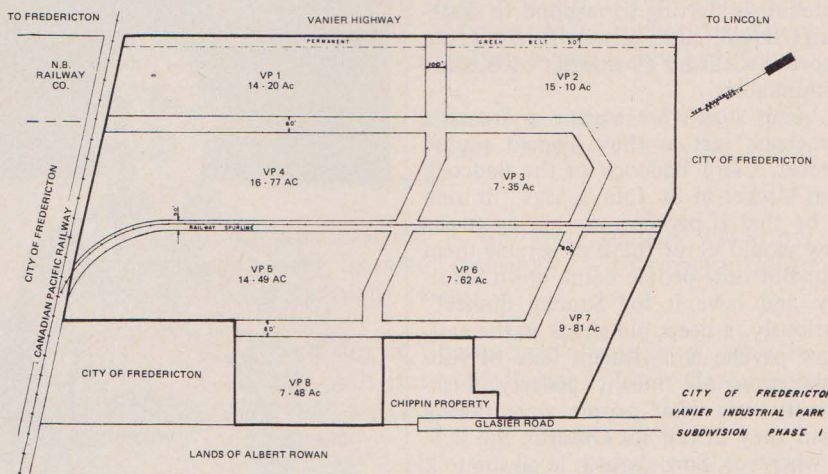
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Small Business

The fall and rise of corner fish stores

Remember when eating fish was a sign of poverty? Those days may be gone forever

We ate lobster because we were poor. I remember that sometimes Mama put fresh boiled lobster in our school lunches and we always threw them away on our way to school. We were ashamed to let other kids see them because then they would know that we didn't have anything else to eat in the house...we ate so much fish that other kids, most of whose fathers were farmers, would chant "Antigonish, Antigonish, boiled potatoes and salty fish" when they saw us coming down the road to school.

—Helen Dacey Wilson, in
Tales from Barrett's Landing

Guy Wamboldt occasionally lugs a shark into his fish store in downtown Dartmouth. He sells it for 50 cents a pound or so, and it goes like hotcakes. There's a revelation here that should interest anthropologists: On a corner of this earth there exist people who would not eat lobster, but now eat shark. Not only that but the general tastebud is starting to respond to skatewings, squid, cusk, eels, catfish, dogfish, assorted roes and all manner of oceanic unthinkables.

Fish stores are staging a dramatic comeback just as they seemed routed forever. Carol Badcock of the Badcock Fish Market in St. John's, says, "It used to be that if people were having guests they would never think of serving them fish. But now people come in on Saturday and have it for Sunday dinner!" Curiously, a deep, old streak in the east-coast psyche is a virulent hate of fish. Fish, after all, meant poverty. Fish-poverty was what people were fleeing when they lit out for Ontario, the U.S. or wherever. Sing about it in all the folk songs you like, fish was a downer. The humiliation of having only lobster while the privileged ate peanut-butter sandwiches has left scars unhealed to this day. Rare was the person who survived the Depression unscathed after eating fish for years on end.

After the war things improved, but not so much that people could stop eating fish. Fish stores abounded. So did door-to-door pedlars, and you could always get fish at the wharf. On the face of it, this seems like a fine arrangement—cheap, high quality protein there for the asking. Parisian chefs would have



Wamboldt of Dartmouth: Fish that sells like hotcakes

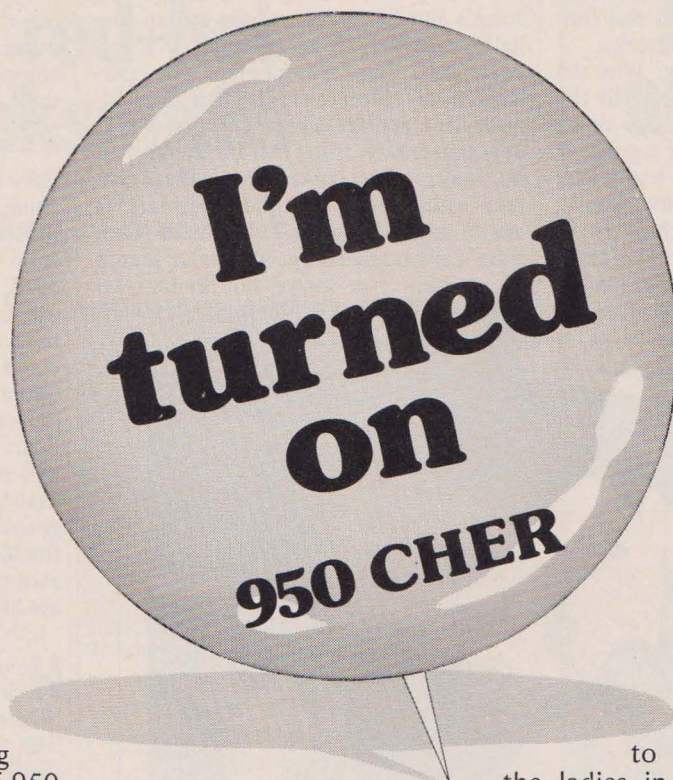


Badcock of St. John's: Good for guests and Sunday dinners

broken their necks for this stuff. But no. Underneath, the people were rankled. They wanted their victuals dyed and peppered with carcinogens like everybody else, and in the mid-Fifties they got their chance.

Supermarket chains moved in with their mid-continent marketing. Lovely.

Mile-long counters with nothing but hormone-fattened, nitrite-preserved viands, and just the odd piece of freezer-burned cod or haddock. You could also buy canned tuna from Japan, but nothing to offend the New Taste. Fish stores went under by the dozens, losers in the age of Aquarius and urban renewal. The



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Small Business

final blow was especially sharp because it came from an unexpected direction—the Vatican. In 1965 it lifted the fish-on-Friday requirement for Catholics.

But what's going on now? Why the reversal? Maybe it has to do with the idea that, as the song says, you don't know what you've got till it's gone. If the foreigners wanted fish so badly that they cleaned out the fishing banks, there must have been something to it. Or, put another way: Never did I crave lobster more than when it was \$4 a pound and there was a \$1,000-fine for

poaching.

Now, in Moncton, Halifax, St. John's and Saint John there are up to a half-dozen fish stores while, only a few years ago, there was perhaps one, perhaps none. Moreover, the old door-to-door fish pedlars have reappeared in a new guise. Now, they station themselves in supermarket parking lots, their correct instinct being that the supermarkets aren't doing the job. The United Maritime Fishermen co-op, always in search of markets, has found one in its own backyard. The UMF opened two stores

in the Moncton area. Now, it's selling a million dollars worth of fish a year just on the local market. Not only that, other Moncton fish stores feared the competition but have actually increased their sales, says Urbain LeBlanc, UMF secretary.

"Newfoundlanders are eating more fish, especially with the cost of meat rising," Joni Snow says. She's with the federal Fisheries Department in St. John's. "But often they can't get it." Indeed, the fast growth of a fish tooth has caught the area's primitive delivery systems off guard. Fish stores say they could sell more, if only they could get it. Often they have to scrounge around for it, or settle for two-week-old dragger fish. There's a lack of icing facilities and in winter many of the small boats that bring in fresh fish every night don't go out at all. Only well-organized outfits like UMF can offer consistency. Still, as more and more fish are sold, things are improving.

How much fish do Atlantic residents eat? Joshua John, formerly a federal Fisheries official and now working for H.B. Nickerson in Sydney, says, "I figure at least 20% to 25% more than the national average." The national average was up to 17 pounds per person last year, from 13.5 the year before. (It's rising in the U.S., too, and the Japanese eat a staggering 90 pounds per person per year.)

"It wouldn't do Nova Scotians any harm to eat a lot more fish," offers Dan Guy of the provincial Fisheries Department. The department surveyed 500 Haligonians for their attitude towards fish "and practically everything we've seen indicates a real latent desire for more fish." But people wonder why it's so expensive and want it fresh, not frozen.

All four provincial governments are promoting fish like mad. Newfoundland had a five-day multi-media promotion campaign in July. P.E.I.'s Market Development Centre pushes fish all the time, and so does the Fisheries Department and the UMF in New Brunswick. Nova Scotia is running to catch up. On top of that, the federal department plans to make November a "Fish and Seafood Month."

So there we are. On the east coast, people have finally chucked the old fish hangups. Or, as Guy Wamboldt, the Dartmouth fish-store proprietor, puts it, "People are willing to take their chances with any fish now, and mostly they're liking it." Fish is becoming as trendy as jogging and late-night discos.

—Ralph Surette



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Trades

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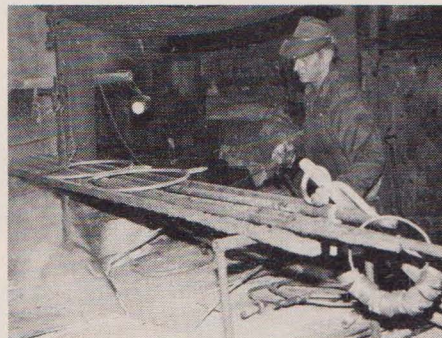
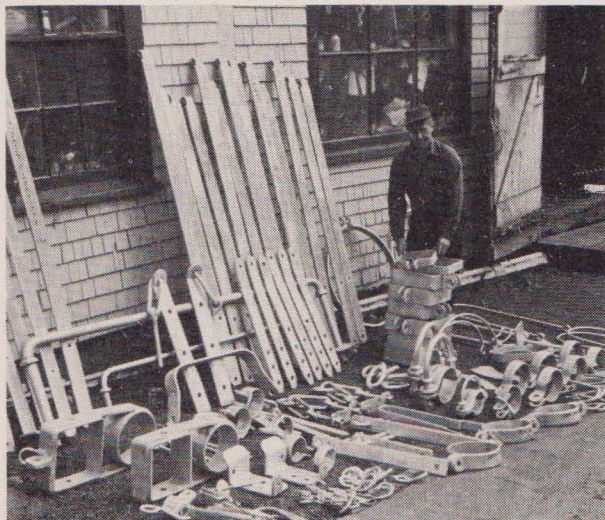
Vernon Walters of Lunenburg, N.S., knows his job. But stand clear of the pot

It's 5 a.m. in Lunenburg, N.S. At Thomas Walters & Son, Marine and General Blacksmiths, smoke swirls out of the windows and seeps through cracks in the roof. It's galvanizing day and Vernon Walters is building the coke fire under his pot in preparation for the most dangerous operation in smithing. Walters is the only specializing marine blacksmith in Nova Scotia, and his firm is one of only two smithies that do galvanizing. He may be the only smith in Canada who makes and galvanizes hardware in the same shop.

His grandfather, Thomas Walters, built the plant 105 years ago, employing half a dozen men and four forges to service Lunenburg's large salt-banking fleet and scores of deep-sea tern schooners from all over the world. His son, John Walters, tended the forges for 45 years and built the ironwork for the vessels used in *The World in His Arms*, a 1950 Hollywood movie which starred Gregory Peck and Ann Blyth and was partly shot around Lunenburg bay.

Vernon Walters came to the shop as a small child and remembers being fascinated by the fire in the forge. He knew what he wanted to be. He apprenticed with his father for five years, went to technical school in Halifax, worked a few months in the Halifax Shipyards and came back to Lunenburg in 1943.

Marine hardware is Walters' stock in trade



Galvanizing looks simple. It isn't

He worked with his father until the latter's death in 1958 and has run the smithy ever since.

Ship repairs and marine and fishermen's hardware are Walters' stock in trade, although the ships that sail out of Lunenburg now are mostly offshore trawlers and scallop draggers. Business isn't just local. He's galvanized dip-net rings for the Pacific herring fishery and done marine hardware for American-made schooners. He worked on the *Bluenose II*, replica of the world champion racing schooner, and made fittings for the model of HMS *Bounty*, built at Lunenburg's Smith & Rhuland yard for the 1962 movie *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Cruising yachtmen often plan trips to Nova Scotia around a visit to Lunenburg, just to get work done at Walters'.

Galvanizing, Walters' specialty, looks simple but isn't. It consists of coating iron and steel with a skin of zinc, mixed with small amounts of tin and lead, to protect them from rust. You clean the metal in a "pickle" of sulphuric acid and water, then coat it with muriatic acid and dry it. The drying is crucial because the parts must then go into a pot of hot galvanizing metal. "Any dampness which got into that pot of hot metal would cause a terrific explosion," Walters says. "We'd probably lose a

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Trades

man or two. If a bit of water landed on the surface and didn't go under, it would be all right. But under the surface it would create sudden steam, and then—boom!"

The pot is a deep rectangular bin, 40 inches long and a foot wide, containing about 1,000 pounds of hard metal. Walters heats it slowly for three hours, meanwhile assembling on the floor by the open furnace all the pieces he has for galvanizing that day. With a three-foot hook, he picks up a dull black dip-net ring and immerses it in the bubbling tank, shifting the ring on the end of the hook until it's been completely submerged. He lifts it out—now a gleaming silver—and passes it to Gilbert Cooper, a third-generation blacksmith who's been with him for 12 years. Cooper takes the ring with another hook and douses it in a tank of water. It sizzles and smokes until the cold water hardens and sets the zinc coating.

The operation takes enormous skill. The "pickle" must be mixed according to the type of iron being galvanized. Each dipping needs the proper temperature and careful timing, determined by the weight and type of the object being galvanized. The fire must be built just right and the heat controlled or the pot could split, spilling the bath of molten metal. Even if it didn't cause an explosion, a spill could mean a loss of \$800 or more worth of zinc.

Walters says he's been lucky. "In 20 years I haven't lost a pot of metal, though I've had some small blow-ups, when five or 10 pounds of metal went spouting up to the ceiling like a volcano." It's bad, he says, when people come in to watch and get close to the pot: "Once a commercial traveller was standing beside me, and I had one of those small explosions. A blob of the hot metal came down on top of his hat and there he was running out of the place with the top of his head smoking. He came around again two months later, but he didn't come into the galvanizing shed. The top of his head was bald and the hair never grew in again."

Walters' ancient occupation shows no signs of becoming obsolete. Most of the time he has more work than he can handle. His main problem is lack of fuel. He needs hard coal or coke and they're difficult to find. He can't get Welsh coal, which he prefers, or American anthracite which he considers second-best. Even the coke he uses is getting scarce. But it hasn't stopped him. And on days when, long before sunrise, the smithy starts smoking like a house afire, Walters' neighbors know another galvanizing day is under way.

— Donald Craig

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Politics

The Fascination of Flora

For Flora MacDonald, Cape Breton is home, Kingston, Ont., is home and, as Canada's first woman minister of External Affairs, the world is a stage

By Stephen Kimber

Flora MacDonald's overused and much-abused 1977 Dodge Monaco eases into a parking spot in front of a row of newly renovated stone buildings on Kingston, Ontario's historic waterfront. Though the clock is nudging midnight on this frazzling, frenetic and utterly routine day that has only now reached the beginning of the middle of its end, Flora MacDonald of North Sydney, N.S., still looks as crisp and composed as she did at 10 o'clock this morning when she belatedly sat for the official portrait that will soon grace Canadian embassies all over the world. The past 15 hours have been filled to the brim with diplomacy and dignitaries, with secret cables and special pleadings, with all the serious and important stuff that falls within the purview of her new job as External Affairs minister. Before this day finally dissolves into sleep at around 3 a.m., she will also have begun to make a dent in the two bulging briefcases she brought with her from Ottawa.

But now, fortified with nothing more than a takeout hamburger and a glass of milk, she is back in Kingston for an equally gruelling weekend tending to her other job as MP for Kingston and the Islands. After a Saturday morning spent listening to the complaints of pensioners fouled up by the Ottawa bureaucracy and East Indian taxi drivers who believe they have been fired because of the color of their skin, she will meet a delegation of local Chinese businessmen for lunch, tour a flower show, visit with a newly arrived family of Vietnamese refugees, and attend the Kingston Italo-Canadian Club's annual grape festival. But all of that is hours away yet. Tonight, there is still time to drop into Muldoon's, an Irish pub, to have a beer and let her constituents know she is back in town.

"You'll love Kingston," she calls over her shoulder as she leads the way into Muldoon's. "It's almost like Cape Breton." In 1966, when she needed a refuge after her firing as national Progressive Conservative party secretary, she came to Kingston, a university town of 60,000, strategically situated 100 miles southwest of Ottawa and midway between the country's two

power centres, Montreal and Toronto. She went there at the invitation of John Meisel, head of political studies at Queen's, to handle the administrative workload, but—as in Ottawa—she quickly became an almost indispensable fixture of Kingston life. She rallied local residents to the battle to save the city's dwindling heritage from the wrecker's hammer, helped found Canada's first halfway house for women prisoners,

yells a young man. "How was Paris?" calls another. Back at her table, they come to ask for autographs and to talk. A young woman passes a note to her across the beer-filled tables. "Dear Flora," it reads, "You are much younger and prettier than in the *Whig-Standard* [pictures]. Carole." "I'm going to keep that one," Flora laughs and stuffs the note in her purse. Another fellow wants her to sign his T-shirt. The shirt, he explains proudly, has already been autographed by *Playboy's* August playmate. Flora laughs. And signs. She is, if not home, then at least as close as you can come without crossing the causeway.

In Canadian politics, this is the season of the Fascination of Flora. The



"Welcome home, Flora. How was Paris?"

lectured on politics, helped out with theatre fund-raising drives, played the part of Frontenac's mistress in a pageant commemorating Kingston's founding, and even managed to squeeze in a year as a student at Kingston's National Defence College and to serve as a founding mother of the Committee for an Independent Canada. In 1972, the people of Kingston sent her back to Ottawa as their MP.

"I just want to say that we've had our share of MPs in here and we've even had a former cabinet minister or two," Brendan McConnell, Muldoon's genial Irish owner, shouts over the din of his raucous revellers, "but we've never been able to welcome a minister of External Affairs before. Flora, come on up here and sing a song!"

As the crowd shouts and whoops and a happy drunk jumps up on stage to give her a buss on the cheek, Flora warbles "Nut-brown Maiden" in Gaelic and English. "Welcome home, Flora,"



Main-streeting never hurts

Honorable Flora, as fresh and fragile as a new spring day, smiling serenely from the cover of *Maclean's*. The smart secretary who came to Ottawa in search of a typing job at External and ended up as secretary of state for External Affairs, gracing the pages of the style section of *The New York Times*. The wily woman who is now the highest ranking female ever in Canadian politics, soon to be staring back from the cover of *Chatelaine* as Woman of the Year.

There are any number of good and trustworthy reasons for all this excitement over Flora MacDonald. In the first half-year of the government of Joe Clark, for example, while her male cabinet colleagues were busy jabbing themselves, each other, and—in many cases—the Canadian people with the wrong end of their new brooms, Flora MacDonald was sweeping so coolly and confidently into the national con-



In Kingston, everyone knows her

sciousness that it almost seemed she had been born to her role.

Indeed, when Joe Clark was trying to mould the fighting factions of his Tory caucus into a workable government after the May 22 election, he didn't even bother to ask what job Flora MacDonald wanted. He already knew. After the 1976 leadership convention, in which Flora's fanatic followers had come to Joe Clark before the third ballot to assure his victory as national leader, Flora and the new leader had discussed what she wanted in return. She had told him about thumbing through Europe in the Fifties, about the starvation she had seen while wandering through India in 1969, and about her unshakable conviction that Canada must be more than just a detached observer in the affairs of the world. What she really wanted, she allowed, was to be named External Affairs critic in his shadow cabinet. But Clark had already promised that job to Claude Wagner,



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the man he had so narrowly defeated at the convention. Though Wagner was quirky and churlish and unpredictable, Clark was convinced he still needed him to maintain the delicate fiction of party unity and, more importantly, to serve as a bridge to the voters of Quebec. *Flora could understand that? Surely, she would?* So Flora, the uncomplaining Tory soldier, settled for federal-provincial relations.

She was at the Monastère des Augustines, a Quebec convent, recharging her emotional batteries after the rigors of this spring's election campaign when Clark called to hand her the job of External Affairs minister. Their conversation lasted only a couple of minutes, but there was no need for more complex discussions. The prime minister knew what Flora would do.

She came to External, not to bury it under the weight of the bureaucracy and benign neglect that had characterized the Trudeau years, but to praise it to the heavens. She came as a woman and wasted no time shaking up External's musty old-boy network by inviting secretaries to official receptions and wondering aloud why there were so few women in positions of authority in the department. She came to show Canada's new and helpful face to the world. She went to Paris to worry over world economics, to Tokyo to take part in global energy talks, to Geneva to dress down the Vietnamese government for its treatment of the boat people, to Lusaka to search for some typically Canadian grey ground between the black and white positions of Britain and the African nations over Zimbabwe Rhodesia, and to New York to deliver a major policy speech to the world at the United Nations. But more than that, Flora MacDonald came to External to make Canadians care again about the world after a decade of navel-gazing. She came to bring to life a subject that even she concedes is not now "the first thing Canadians talk about when they get up in the morning."

All of this is the reasonable rationalization for the media's current fixation on Flora. But there is something more subtle and less obvious that is really at the heart of the Fascination of Flora. And it is simply this: If it hadn't been for a rather unsimple twist of fate in 1976, Flora MacDonald might be—no, would be—prime minister of Canada today.

Hers is the Cinderella story of modern Canadian politics. But when the pumpkin coach came it did not lead her to the prince. In February, 1976, when

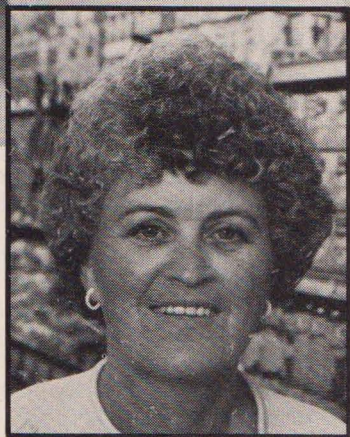
she arrived at the Civic Centre in Ottawa for the PC leadership convention she had reason to believe she might even win. She was, after all, the best known candidate of her party's progressive wing. She had worked in 38 different election campaigns in 20 years and had saved more political bacon over those years than Canada Packers has pigs. The party owed her something. What's more, she carried with her the good wishes and \$10 donations of thousands of ordinary Canadians—Tories, maybe-Tories, and never-be Tories—who believed that she would make one hell of a prime minister. Surely that must count for something. She even had 350 "firm promises" of first ballot support from delegates, with more to follow when the favorite-sons and special-interest stan-



Insight's Kimber tries to keep up

dard-bearers were weeded out by the ruthlessness of the elimination process. Instead it was Flora who was turfed out. After the first ballot, she was sixth out of 11 candidates with a humiliating 214 votes. After the second ballot, she walked "with dignity and stunned serenity" to Joe Clark.

Flora MacDonald wasn't defeated by the niggly-headed neanderthals of the Tory right: They would never have voted for her anyway. She was beaten by those who called themselves her friends. They loved her as a sister and respected her as a political pro, but when they walked into the privacy of the ballot box they couldn't bring themselves to vote for her. They just couldn't believe that the Canadian people would elect a woman prime minister. But when it was over, she did not cut and run to the Liberals or the Senate like Jack Horner or Claude Wagner. Neither did she allow her private unhappiness to become the raging talk of the Ottawa cocktail circuit, like Brian Mulroney. She just went back to her former role as party stalwart. She filled up the next three years helping convince Canadians made



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Politics

uneasy by reports of Joe Clark's gaffes that there really was a government-in-waiting. By the time Clark became prime minister, there was no doubt that Flora had earned her important place in his new administration.

But what if...what if she had won the leadership? What if she had become prime minister? What kind of a leader would she have been? The incredible irony—the real reason, in fact, for the Fascination of Flora—is that although she has risen higher and against greater odds than any woman in Canadian

political history, she will never totally escape the brutal truth that she did not win the big one because she is a woman.

Flora herself does not deal in all those might-have-beens and wouldn't-it-be-nice-ifs favored by magazine writers. She is polite but firm when you broach the subject. She won't bitch about the past and she refuses to dream about some fanciful future. "I guess I still have that old Presbyterian belief in predestiny. I believe things always work out the way they should." She pauses. "Really, it's all part of my Cape Breton

heritage."

Cape Breton is the key to understanding Flora. Even her politics, a curious mixture of Scottish tight-fistedness and Cape Breton compassion, is rooted in her childhood there. Though she has been away now for nearly 30 years, she wears her Cape Breton past like a favorite dress; she shows it off to strangers in public and, in private, she takes special care to keep it fresh and new.

She was born in North Sydney in 1926 but her people have been scuffling around Cape Breton since the early 1800s when her ancestors left Scotland on the run from the brutal Highland Clearances that followed the final defeat of the Scottish clans by the English in 1746. Though the relationship has more to do with spiritual genetics than any

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TED GRANT

What if she had won the leadership?

traceable genealogy, Flora is named for the first famous Flora MacDonald of history, who spirited Bonnie Prince Charlie—disguised as a woman—out of Scotland after the Battle of Culloden.

More directly, her world-thirstiness and the special, steady toughness that was passed over so lightly by the Tory king-makers in 1976, are products of family history. Her grandfather and great-grandfather were seagoing men of the world. Her grandmother, Eliza MacDonald, bore three of her four children at sea during a 10-year stint on the coastal trading vessels her husband commanded. When she did settle down in the North Sydney home in which Flora was born, she waited 20 more years—raising her children alone—before her husband returned from the sea.

Flora's father, Fred MacDonald, a Western Union telegrapher, was a certified eclectic who made annual forays to New York to take in big league baseball games and sample the fare at the Metropolitan Opera. He subscribed to five newspapers, haunted the local library's reference section and, at night, helped his six children—two others died in childhood—with their school lessons. He taught them to recite the famous Scottish poets, and he read aloud to them from the classics. On Saturdays, he played *Pied Piper* to his own brood and whatever neighbors and friends they could cajole into joining them for hymn-singing hikes. Most important, he taught Flora that she must always think for herself. She did.

The family's financial circumstances ruled out university and Flora took a job at the local Bank of Nova Scotia. Neither the job nor Cape Breton could hold her for long. She was 25



A wanderer, with world-thirstiness

when she began a working, wandering tour of Europe. In London, England, she spent her evenings soaking up the magnificent theatre of the British House of Commons and, for the first time, began to sense the excitement of political life. Back home in Nova Scotia in 1956, she threw herself into the provincial Tory campaign that brought Robert Stanfield to power for the first time. Failing to land the post-election job she really wanted—at Nova Scotia's New York Travel Office—she ended up in Ottawa, just in time to find work in the successful campaign that made John Diefenbaker prime minister.

Her job—as a secretary—was supposed to be temporary but she stayed at the Tories' national headquarters for nine years and became the heart and soul of its operation. When Tory fortunes began to collapse after the electoral debacles of 1963 and 1965 her position in the party hierarchy turned her into the connecting link among the dozens of irate Tories who wanted Diefenbaker's scalp. When Diefenbaker

ordered her fired in 1966, it galvanized the Dump-Dief movement. The firing proved to be less a humiliation than an opportunity. It moved Flora MacDonald out of the back rooms and into the floodlights. She has never looked back.

Politics is her whole life. She never married and today, aside from her family, her closest friends are also in the tight little world of Canadian politics. She cares little for possessions. All she owns, she laughs, is her car "and my overdraft at the Bank of Nova Scotia." She is forgetful about food and sleep, and her idea of a good time is an evening spent talking politics, or a weekend of more of the same back in Kingston.

Actually, Flora MacDonald would not call Kingston "home." "Home," she explained, "is still Cape Breton. When people mention home to me, that's still what I think of." But there comes a time when, like Thomas Wolfe, you can't go home again.

The good fates, the ones on which Flora relies, brought her to Kingston and Kingston brought her to Ottawa and Ottawa brought her to External Affairs. Perhaps it is still not too much to hope, given the topsy-turvy nature of Canadian politics, that those same fates will some day give the Tories a second chance. Flora MacDonald still could be one hell of a prime minister. ☒

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Small Towns



Wolfville, N.S.

Proud producer of apples and eggheads, it's come a long way from Mud Creek

By Stephen Kimber

Wolfville is idyllic and beautiful and womb-like," gushes the woman from Wolfville, "and such a fine place to bring up kids." She pauses. "Until they reach a certain age, of course. Then you have to send them away. Wolfville, you know...well, it's just so unreal."

Wolfville certainly—and thankfully—has nothing to do with reality. Nestled at the edge of the lush Annapolis Valley, cosseted by the gently rolling hills of the North and South mountains, and fanned by the sweet breezes that drift in from Minas Basin, it's as close to an earthly Eden as you'll find in Nova Scotia. It is a New England-style university town that promises not only all the culture you can cope with but also the pleasures of bountiful backyard gardens and the spectacular view that stretches out to Blomidon and beyond from the corner window of Esther Wright's house on Hillside Avenue. Wolfville is, in the end, less a community than a sensuous state of mind.

My own connections with the place are no more solid than Sunday drives. On summer days in the mid-Seventies when fog was wrapping Halifax in gloom, my wife and I would often hop in our Volkswagen and hurry out of the city in search of some vague rural utopia

in which to spend the rest of forever. Often as not, we'd end up in Wolfville, combing its neat, treed streets, looking for "For Sale" signs. Once, I remember, we filled up most of an afternoon just circling one rambling and vacant old place. We peered in through the windows at the huge living room's broad oak flooring and foot-warming fireplace. We discussed the need for more storage space in the kitchen and argued over whether the downstairs room that overlooked the garden that didn't yet exist should be my office or her sewing room. In the car, on the way back to Halifax, we even agreed to call the real estate agent first thing Monday morning. We didn't, of course, but the realization that we could was enough to see us through another week. Ever since then, Wolfville has seemed to me to be a place

of magical and mysterious power, a tonic for the ills of real life.

The more prosaic truth is that if it hadn't been for a nasty bit of religious bigotry around the beginning of the 19th century, today's wonderful Wolfville—proud producer of apples and eggheads, happy haven for Baptists and back-to-the-landers—might never have escaped its ignominious beginnings as mundane Mud Creek.

What is now Wolfville was, in 1760, merely the less favored end of the township of Horton, one of the many Annapolis Valley communities plunked down by hordes of well-to-do New Englanders, lured to the area following the expulsion of the Acadians. Most came for the rich farmland, but the prospect of establishing a shipbuilding industry inspired three Connecticut brothers—



Acadia University: Mud Creek's modern mainstay grew from a messy religious feud

PHOTOS BY JACK CLUSANO

Simeon, Nathan, and Jehiel DeWolf—to carve out the beginnings of a townsite on the banks of a muddy creek, to build themselves fine houses, and to bring forth offspring. The shipbuilding brought commerce, the commerce brought people and by 1800 Mud Creek was booming.

If that had been the only basis for its long-term prosperity, the town would probably be no better known today than Horton, its incubator. But at the same time that it was finding its economic feet, Mud Creek's modern mainstay, Acadia University, was being conceived at the Granville Street Baptist Church in Halifax, after a messy religious feud over the role of the church in the classrooms of the colony. When Nova Scotia's first university, King's College, was established in 1789, its founders were determined that its students should not "frequent the Romish Masses or the meeting houses of Presbyterians, Baptists, or Methodists, or the conventicles or places of worship of any other dissenters from the Church of England." That seemed narrow to the Earl of Dalhousie who decided to found a second institution of higher learning



Shops cater to the college crowd

for those unlucky enough not to have been born under the protection of the Church of England. In spite of his noble intentions, Dalhousie University's first governors balked at the idea of hiring Dr. Edmund Crawley, a Baptist, as a professor. Baptist backs went up and, in righteous pique, in 1829 they established what became Acadia University in good, God-fearing, Baptist Mud Creek.

A year later, thanks to the pleadings of two of the daughters of Elisha DeWolf, a descendant of the DeWolfs, the town was rechristened Wolfville. Having left Mud Creek to see the world, they reported back to their father how embarrassing it was to tell their new-found friends where they came from. As judge, postmaster, and holder of almost every important office in Mud Creek,

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Saturday 10	Festival of Remembrance with the Stadacona Band	8:30 p.m. Tickets \$2 (general admission)
Monday 12	St. Mary's Boychoir	8:30 p.m. Reg. \$5/\$4 Stu. & Sr. Cit. \$4/\$3
Tuesday 13	* Contemporary Chamber Ensemble	8:30 p.m. Reg. \$5.50/\$4.50 Stu. & Sr. Cit. \$4.50/\$3.50
Monday 19	Le Theatre Sans Fil 'Tales from the Smokehouse'	8:30 p.m. Reg. \$5/\$4 Stu. & Sr. Cit. \$4/\$3
Wednesday 21	Janina Fialkowska	8:30 p.m. Reg. \$6/\$5 Stu. & Sr. Cit. \$5/\$4
Thurs. through Sat. 22, 23 & 24	Canadian Opera Company 'The Marriage of Figaro'	8:30 p.m. Reg. \$8/\$7 Stu. & Sr. Cit. \$7/\$6
Thursday 29	Mummenschanz	8:30 p.m. Reg. \$8/\$7 Stu. & Sr. Cit. \$7/\$6

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Small Towns



Mermaid puppet theatre: It's toured the world to rave reviews



Weavers, artists flock to Wolfville

Elisha DeWolf encountered no opposition to his plan to name the town after his soon-to-be-famous forebears. Wolfville buried its awkward past, celebrated its Centennial in 1930 instead of 1860, and even covered up the famous creek that started it all inside a drain pipe that now spills furtively into the harbor.

Today's Wolfville is first, last and forever a university town. A great many of the 3,000 people who live here cater to the wants and whims of the annual invasion of more than 2,500 Acadia students. But Acadia is far more than just Wolfville's principal employer. It is also the focus of community politics, chief provider of recreation and culture,



Wright: "I just sit here and gloat"

and even principal cause of citizen complaints. One early Acadia official provided what is probably the ultimate *faux pas* in the stormy history of relationships between towns and gowns. In 1852, when four Acadia students, a professor, a member of the board of governors, and their local guide from nearby Gaspereau were all drowned in a Minas Basin boating accident, the then university president was moved to lament: "Thus were lost six precious souls...and the man from Gaspereau."

His unfortunate remark is still a staple of the area's after-dinner storytellers. But the truth is that today's Acadia is such a spectacularly benevolent corporate citizen that the only legitimate gripe left is that municipal taxes here are inordinately high because the university, Wolfville's largest landowner, doesn't pay any. What Wolfville gets instead of cash is a cultural richness and diversity unmatched by towns five or 10 times its size. This month, if you lived in Wolfville, you could have your pick of a performance by the Canadian Opera Company, a concert in the CBC Talent Festival series or any one of six recitals given by members of Acadia's music department. Or you could catch some of the shows at the sixth annual Nova Scotia Puppet Festival or take in a student production of *Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris*. All of which doesn't even mention the lectures offered by university departments, the movies shown by the film society and the Acadia Cinema, the community keep-fit classes at the university, the college football season that is just ending, or the basketball and hockey seasons just beginning. You should also know that Wolfville is home to two theatre companies (Mermaid, an innovative, professional puppet troupe that has toured the world to rave reviews, and Kipawo, a local amateur group that specializes in the frothy, fun stuff of Broadway), and that in the summer Wolfville plays boastful host to the Theatre Arts Festival International (TAFI), an annual celebration of all things creative that has brought such well-known artists as folksinger Joan Baez and pianist William Tritt to town.

Wolfville is one of the few small towns I can think of," Esther Wright explains understatedly, "where, on any given night, you have your choice of at least three things to do." When she first saw the place in 1912, she was a not-very-impressed Acadia freshman from Fredericton. But Wolfville pulled her back from time to time and, 13 years ago, after she and her husband finished a world tour, they couldn't think of a single place they would rather spend the rest of their forever.

"I guess I've known for a long time that we'd eventually end up here," she says now. "I love to garden and where else could you have crocuses in March and still have Johnny-jump-ups in bloom in the beginning of December?" When the weather finishes her gardening for the year, Esther Wright lugs her electric typewriter (she is the author of numerous books, including *Blomidon Rose*, a fond reminiscence of the Wolfville area) to the big corner window she insisted the architect design for their

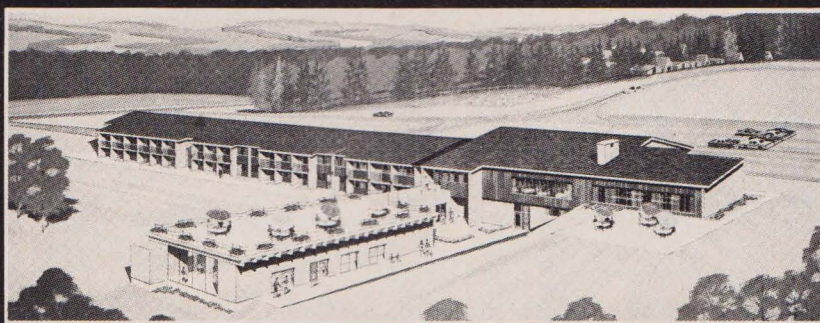
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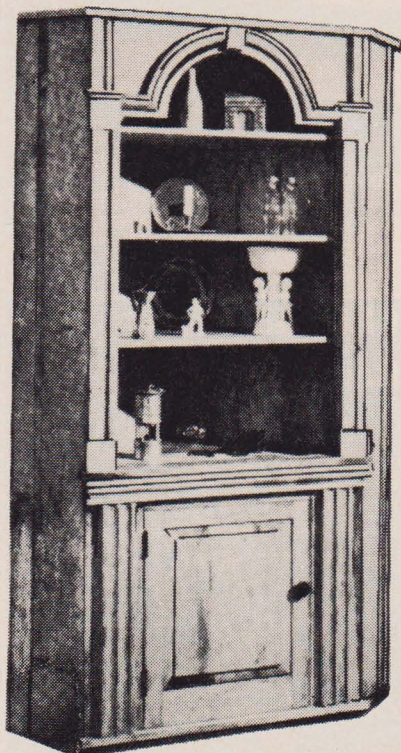
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Small Towns



Potts and home brew: He loves it

Hillside Avenue home and sits down to write. "Or else," she suggests with a smile, "I just sit here and gloat."

Today's Wolfville has only vague connections with the place of Esther Wright's girlhood memories. The hitching posts for the horses of Valley farmers on Main Street have long since given way to the modern highway that hurries by on the outskirts of town. The *Kipawo*, the venerable ferry whose daily crossings between Wolfville and Parrsboro went more by tides than time of day, now lives on only in the name of the theatre troupe. The old family-tended shops of Main Street are losing business and disappearing in the face of competition from the shopping centres at nearby New Minas. The post office, which was once "the forum, the market place, the exchange, the club and the centre of the town" now is just a place where people come to pick up their mail. Even the train from Halifax, which used to bring the mail in the days before diesel buses, may fade into memory along with the *Kipawo*.


Acadia, under pressure to get more students and thus more government grants in the Sixties, has shed its Baptist beginnings. It is now a university not unlike the others. Guilty young men and women no longer sneak away from the cloistered campus, across the fields of the university's farm, and through the woods to the stile at the top of the Ridge overlooking the town to discover the mysteries of human passion. High-rise residences displaced the farm in the Sixties and today's students are more likely to buy a case of beer at the downtown liquor commission and carelessly amble up the hill, arm in arm, to the residence of their choice.



A place to spend the rest of forever

groups manage to get along without stepping on one another's sensibilities. Lewis is married to a professor at Acadia and is also the publicity director of Mermaid Theatre and a driving force in the local board of trade. She knows, more than most, about the ways of today's Wolfville. "The first settlers created these large lots with plenty of privacy. They were individualists and that tradition is still strong around here today. People don't seem to mind who you are and what you do if you don't bother them when you do it." At the same time, she adds, Wolfville is not a place in which secrets are kept long or well. As in most small towns, death and

divorce and the private doings of men and women are the stuff of common conversation. But perhaps that is the secret of its special charm. Thanks to the presence of the university, Wolfville can offer all the urban graces but do it in an atmosphere that is still country kitchen.

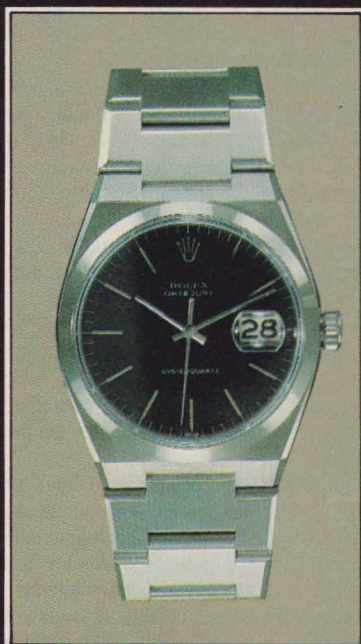
As for me? Well, after sharing Esther Wright's memories and Jim Potts' home-made wine and touring the town with Lee Lewis, I was just on my way out of Wolfville when I noticed this old hotel of a house with a backyard as big as a city block. I even took down the name of the real estate agent. 

The town is a strange cluster of what seem like mutually exclusive enclaves. Besides the students, Wolfville has an unusually high proportion of senior citizens. Many, like Esther Wright, are Acadia alumni or retired professors but many others, like Jim Potts, are recent converts to the Wolfville life. Potts, a former Toronto executive with Lever Brothers, came to Acadia to take advantage of the university's offer of free tuition. "Now," he says, "you couldn't drive me away with a stick." When he isn't picking the wild pears that grow in a field near his home or brewing blackberry wine in his kitchen or enrolling in another course at the university, Potts can often be found visiting Tideways, the senior citizen's co-operative housing project he helped establish in 1977. When the co-op decided to add 18 units to the 28 original apartments, retired area residents snapped them up immediately.

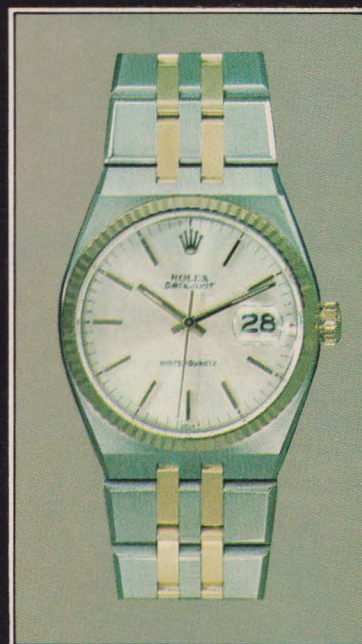
Wolfville is also home to a startling number of artists. Though the best known is Alex Colville, the dean of Atlantic Canada's realist painters, he is far from alone. When painter Graham Metson and photographer Cheryl Lean staged a wine and cheese party at their farm near Wolfville to introduce the area's creative types to Nova Scotia's new culture czar, Louis Stephen, more than 100 people turned up. Wolfville even has its own small counter-culture colony of Sixties leftovers, co-existing in relative tranquillity with the old Baptist burghers who still dominate local society.

"I guess it reflects Wolfville's Connecticut history," suggests Lee Lewis when I ask her how such disparate

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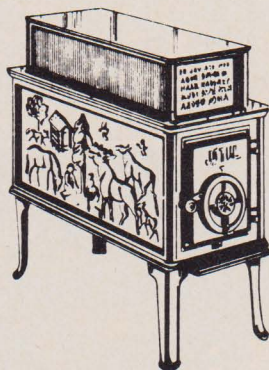
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Opinion

Let's stop ignoring the world outside

*In Atlantic Canada, happiness
is a peek at our own navel*

Let me begin with a confession: I do not think that Prince Edward Island is the most beautiful place on earth. I would rather be living 80 miles from London or Paris than the same distance from Charlottetown, which I do not regard as the Athens of North America. Sometimes I long for the friendly anonymity of a New York bar, the cool solitude of a London pub at opening time, or the view available from a sidewalk café in Paris. And there's a bookstore in Helsinki whose stock of English-language books I would like to transfer to Summerside.

I returned to the Island five years ago after living abroad for 13 years. To me, 1967 was the year of the Six-Day War in the Middle East, not the year of Expo. But 1967 was the year it became respectable to be proud to be a Canadian, the year that Canada found an identity or at least created a considerable industry to search for it.

And what's the matter with that? Nothing at all—I guess. Except that by the time I returned to Canada, nationalism was not enough. Regionalism had become the thing, provincialism even better.

Attacking regionalism and provincialism in a magazine made possible by the growth of those feelings may seem like nipping the hand that feeds me. I would not argue with our newly awakened interest in history, culture and traditions or with our pride in a special identity. What worries me is that these mostly admirable feelings can turn from a sense of identification with our own region into indifference or even hostility to the community beyond.

We shouldn't need lecturing on this score. Traditionally, Atlantic Canadians have been outward looking. But today we seem to be caught up in that fragmentation of nationalism which the Pépin-Robarts Commission found during its cross-country pilgrimage to study Canadian unity.

I believe provincialism and regionalism are as great a threat to the future

of Canada as the more visible problem of Quebec separatism, not because other regions or provinces will withdraw from Confederation, but because they will lose interest in sustaining it.

The Atlantic provinces suffer from Alberta's belief that its possession of oil and natural gas reserves gives it the right to hold the rest of Canada to ransom. But if oil and gas are discovered off the shores of Newfoundland, or Prince Edward Island, would these provinces act differently? The 200-mile limit which will allow Newfoundland to exploit these resources can only be protected by Canada. Alberta's claim to its vast territory is also a function of Canadian sovereignty. But this seems to imply no sense of obligation to the rest of Canada.

Regions and provinces make sense to foreigners only as part of the Canadian nation. Yet the Canadian ambassador to Japan was criticized last year when he spoke out against what he called the increasing "balkanization" of the country's trade and business interests. In the Atlantic provinces, we seem further than ever from developing working arrangements for real co-operation, though we unite to deplore the rest of the country's indifference to our problems.

These are matters of public policy, but the more crucial danger lies in how they may affect private attitudes. As Canadian universities have become more closed to foreign faculty, regional and provincial institutions of education seem to be growing more hostile to lecturers and professors from other Canadian regions. Individuals are intent on studying their navels while closing their minds to that intellectual cross-fertilization which should be one of the great joys of life.

Let's go on cultivating our own gardens. But let's take an interest in other gardens, and occasionally, at least, experiment with some of the exotic vegetables being grown there.

— Kennedy Wells

Wells: Regionalism has become the thing



NICHOLSON/INSIGHT

Media

The Evening Telegram won't be the same

A tricky interview with Stephen Herder, publisher of Newfoundland's biggest daily. Picket lines were outside. He wasn't happy

It was a difficult interview. Stephen R. Herder was not happy with talk of the strike and, since he's publisher of the *Evening Telegram*, there was no mystery in this. The *Telegram*, Newfoundland's biggest daily and a provincial institution since family patriarch W.J. Herder founded it in 1879, was enduring its first legal strike in a century.

On Aug. 2, workers in the composing and press rooms walked out and on Aug. 19, 14 editorial staffers followed them. The owners, Thomson Newspapers of Toronto, Ltd., dispatched head-office staff to work in production departments and, with 97 *Telegram* employees who were crossing the picket lines, they were getting the paper out. After a fashion.

The strike is mostly about wages.



Herder says the picket line is peaceful

Journeymen want an increase, payable in four stages during a two-year contract, from \$5.71 an hour to \$7.50. (In an odd departure from the idea of equal pay for equal work, Local 441 of the St. John's Allied Printers' Union are seeking a mere 85% of the journeymen's rate for woman employees.) Since newsroom staff had not met with management on wages when they applied for conciliation, they are asking for what one reporter simply called "a fair wage."

So I ask Herder if he thinks the *Telegram's* wages are up to industry standards. After all, in the newspaper world the idea is not unknown that the Thomson empire never did see the difference between thrift and avarice. The question nettles him. For a paper of

the *Telegram's* size, he says, the wages are competitive. I remind him that Robinson Blackmore, publishers of ten Newfoundland weeklies, pay journeymen \$7.62 an hour, rising to \$8.22 by December, 1980. Herder thinks less of my comparison than of the nails that have been turning up on the *Telegram's* parking lot since the strike began. He points out that Robinson Blackmore is a job shop really, not a newspaper. To be fair, he says, one should compare *Telegram* wages with those at a newspaper of similar size. He mentions four. All are Thomson newspapers.

The Sudbury *Star* is a Thomson paper. It's on strike, too, but Toronto has sent no head-office team to help publish it. Could it be, I suggest, that St. Clair McCabe, director of the North American section of the Thomson empire, has calculated that Sudbury—with the formidable presence of the United Steel Workers—would never tolerate what can be got away with in St. John's?

Herder leans back in his chair, offers a wry smile. He does not care to comment on why Thomson justice is not dispensed with an even hand. Instead, he protests that he is caught between a rock and a hard place. I have to agree. I know that the rock is Thomson Newspapers Ltd., and the hard place is Herder's own sense of responsibility for everything that happens at the *Telegram*.

For four generations, the Herders called the shots at the paper and, though employees who remember the pre-Thomson days (before June 17, 1970) don't celebrate the Herders' largesse, they never formed a union. The paper was remarkably free from labor disputes. This was partly due to the enlightened, if Victorian, paternalism of Herder management. Staff got turkeys at Christmas and, if a reporter lost himself for a while in a mist of London Dock, his pay cheque kept coming. But the main reason why people with such talent as Ray Guy lived for so long with low pay and a pat on the back was the gusto of the paper itself. It had the bustle, resources and guts to confront Newfoundland issues head-on and, long



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Media

before it was fashionable, fought a running battle with Joey Smallwood.

Since the takeover, things have changed. The Thomson drive for efficiency and profits drained the paper of its old energy and excitement. As if to reflect the Thomson notion that news is merely what goes between ads, newsroom staff dropped from 50 during the mid-Sixties to 26 last summer. Since the Thomson takeover, the total number of staff has fallen from 200 to 120.

I quote these statistics to Herder, but he doesn't seem to hear me. It's as if he's listening for advice from one of the stern relatives whose portraits hang in his office. Then, stirring from his reverie, he tells me my figures are wrong. Thomson had simply cut some fat out of the Herder operation. Anyway, when any newspaper made the transition from hot-metal printing to cold printing, staff reductions were inevitable. But what, I persist, about the newsroom? He says he employs as many there as he did seven years ago. (Seven years ago, Thomson had already been running the show for two years. I let the point pass.)

I ask the rest of my questions in the manner of a policeman recording the details of a rear-end collision. It's not that I've lost interest, more that I suddenly realize ownership has been in Steve Herder's family too long for him to criticize openly the management style of Thomson Newspapers or admit the union has legitimate points. Call it the honor system of his class. Finishing the coffee he has graciously supplied me, I ask a final question. How long does he think the strike will last?

"A long time," he murmurs.

I think of other newspaper strikes. I think of the \$56 million that Thomson interests netted from North American holdings in 1978. Herder recognizes that I find "a long time" a disagreeable prospect, and offers a small consolation. At least, he says, the picket line is peaceful. (Two days later, police will arrest six strikers.)

Picking up my notebook from Herder's desk, I notice a plaque bearing these words: "Every story has three sides: Yours, mine, and the facts." Prosaic as it is, I think most journalists could muster a wan smile for its homespun insight into the reporter's trade. But there's a side to this dispute where quaint imperatives to observe the journalistic law of point-of-view simply don't apply. From the picket line to the publisher's desk, everyone in St. John's knows that whatever the outcome of the strike, the *Evening Telegram* will never be the same again.

— Michael Harris

Calendar

NEW BRUNSWICK

Nov. — N.B. Hawks play: Nov. 4, 6 Rochester; Nov. 10, Syracuse; Nov. 14, Nova Scotia; Nov. 18, 20, Adirondack; Nov. 27, 29, New Haven, The Coliseum, Moncton

Nov. 1 - 3 — Antique Show and Sale, Saint John

Nov. 1 - 30 — Seals and Sealing, Oromocto

Nov. 3 — Arts, Crafts, and Cooking Fair, Richmond Corner, Carleton Co.

Nov. 3 — Vera Lynn in Concert, University of N.B., Fredericton

Nov. 3 - 30 — Fredericton Collects: Exhibit of Private Collections, Beaverbrook Art Gallery

Nov. 5 - 24 — Colors of Acadie: Photography of Atlantic provinces, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

Nov. 5 - 24 — Karl Spital: Charcoals and acrylics, Campbellton

Nov. 10 — Toronto Dance Company, Fredericton

Nov. 13 - 15 — UNB Variety Show, "The Red and Black Revue," The Playhouse, Fredericton

Nov. 15 - Dec. 15 — David Bolduc Exhibit, Beaverbrook Art Gallery

Nov. 23 — Janina Fialkowska: Pianist, Mount Allison University, Sackville

Nov. 28 — Theatre N.B. presents "Hansel and Gretel," Mount Allison University

NOVA SCOTIA

Nov. — N.S. Voyageurs play - Nov. 2, Maine; Nov. 5, Rochester; Nov. 8, 11, Syracuse; Nov. 21, Adirondack; Nov. 30, New Haven, Metro Centre, Halifax

Nov. — Survival Atlantic Style: Exhibit of 16 Artists, Glace Bay

Nov. 1 - 4 — Theatre 1707 presents "Bluebeard," Halifax

Nov. 6 — Vera Lynn, Metro Centre, Halifax

Nov. 9, 10 — Christmas Arts and Crafts Sale, Bridgewater

Nov. 9 - Dec. 2 — "18 Wheels," Neptune Theatre, Halifax

Nov. 12 — St. Mary's Boychoir, Dalhousie Art Centre, Halifax

Nov. 15 - Dec. 30 — 4-H Knitted Afgans and local 4-H display, Bridgewater

Nov. 15 - Dec. 9 — Quilts by Teruko Inoue, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

Nov. 16 - 18 — 6th Annual N.S. Puppet Festival, Wolfville

Nov. 18 - Dec. 16 — Ed Falkenberg: An Exhibit of Sculpture, Art Gallery of N.S., Halifax

Nov. 23 — CBC Talent Festival, Wolfville

Nov. 26 — University Hockey, SMU vs. St. F. X., Metro Centre, Halifax

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Nov. 1 - 25 — Nancy Petry: Recent Work, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Nov. 1 - 25 — Correspondents from The Western Front, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Nov. 16 — Canadian Opera Company presents "The Marriage of Figaro," Confederation Centre Theatre

Nov. 28 - Dec. 16 — Canadian Landscape Painting in the Permanent Collection: Historical works, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Nov. 28 - Jan. 6 — Selection of Paintings, Drawings, Watercolors, Prints and Sculpture marking International Year of the Child, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

NEWFOUNDLAND

Nov. — Canadian Opera Company presents "The Marriage of Figaro," Arts and Culture Centre: Nov. 26, Gander; Nov. 27, Grand Falls; Nov. 28, Corner Brook; Nov. 29, Stephenville

Nov. — Rising Tide Theatre, Nov. 1 - 2, Grand Falls; Nov. 3 - 4, Gander

Nov. 2 — A Breath of Scotland: Scottish music, dance, comedy, Arts and Culture Centre, Gander

Nov. 3, 4 — Intercollegiate Ice Hockey Tournament; Memorial University vs. University of P.E.I., St. John's

Nov. 10, 11 — Intercollegiate Women's Volleyball Tournament, Memorial vs. Mount Allison, St. John's

Nov. 15 — Roman Catholic Fall Fair, North River

Nov. 15 - Dec. 15 — Frank Lapointe: Watercolors, Gander

Nov. 15 - Dec. 15 — "Sincerely yours" - postcards, Corner Brook

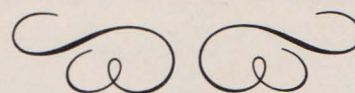
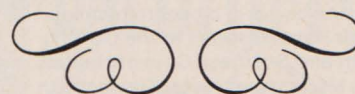
Nov. 15 - Dec. 15 — Stephen Payne: Photographs, Grand Falls

Nov. 19 - Dec. 15 — Young Contemporaries, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Nov. 19 - Dec. 15 — Craft Profiles No. 5: Metal works, Memorial University Art Gallery

Nov. 29, 30 — Nfld. Provincial Badminton Championships, Memorial University, St. John's

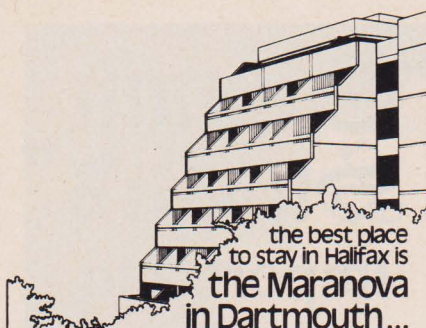
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Marilyn MacDonald's column

Catalogue shopping never died: It conquered the world



What's swimming down there in the glass is a large ice cube moulded in the shape of a pair of female breasts. On the outside of the glass there's a picture of a woman, more or less clad. As you drink the liquid, she appears to take off her clothes.

That's on one page. On the others there are decks of cards with pictures of girls, swizzle sticks shaped like girls—all attesting to their designers' mammary-fixation. There are planters shaped like technicolor trees or angel fish, plastic butterflies on gold-filled chains, four different models of handbags that come stamped with your initials and have two dozen secret compartments and snap-on attachments apiece. And there is a luminous head-of-Christ bedside table lamp that glows in the dark.

It is not Sears' Christmas Wish Book. But it is a part of today's catalogue shopping. Nearly four years ago, when Eaton's announced cancellation of its catalogue service, the laments for a dying institution were almost as thick as the cries about loss of jobs in Moncton. Anyone with a contact in CBC radio's production ranks hit the air with reminiscences of autumns past, frost on the window panes, fire crackling in the hearth and the catalogue spread out on the floor, a feast for the eye and the conspicuously consuming soul. People remembered the small towns of their childhoods, where the community's level of sophistication was measured by the presence of an Eaton's and Simpsons-Sears order office. To a person, they mourned the passing of an era.

They are not on the same mailing lists I am. Catalogues from people trying to sell me stuff by mail arrive almost daily, by the cartload. They flog tote bags (a preoccupation with mail order houses) in a choice of four colors: Natural, chocolate, navy, yellow. They've got a special deal on personalized pen-and-pencil sets or blow-up vinyl

animal chairs or a 15-piece case of rat-chet tools. For seven dollars plus postage every two months, they'll send me a cosmetics kit full of powders, jellies, viscous fluids and goos, to be paddled in at my leisure and returned if I am not fully satisfied. (Has anyone ever returned a kit of used goos to one of those places, I wonder?)

And that's just the direct mail. Magazines, if you hadn't noticed, are into the shop-by-mail game full tilt. There are the Weider brothers, Ben and Joe, heavy magazine vendors of personal health and fitness. For a price, they'll send you a contraption of ropes and pulleys with which you can lash yourself to any door in the house and, if you're not careful, probably slingshot yourself clear to Anticosti.

Somebody else has plastic pants which you blow up, lie around in and lose weight. There are apparently 37 different ways to drop 12 pounds in two weeks without really trying. Legitimate, high-gloss women's magazines (this may shake you up) offer collections of sexual aids ranging "from the simple to the delightfully complex...designed for both the timid and the bold." Or a Kitty Cat bikini. (Refund if not totally satisfied.) Or a way to banish cellulite.

It's not the commercialism, it's the culture that's crowding me. Never have I encountered so many people who are anxious that I be totally satisfied, while knowing nothing about me.

I know what's at the bottom of this, of course. Computers, those winking, gossip customers, the travelling salesmen of the technological age. As with their forerunners in the selling and seduction trades, there is no such thing as a discreet liaison with one of them. Inevitably, they pass your name on to a friend. What began as a modest magazine subscription ends as a leering pitch for satin sheets and a Mark Eden bust-

development course.

The wish book is still around, but the wishes have got more complex. Down at the order office on Main Street, the girl behind the counter might have been your next-door neighbor's daughter whose assumptions about your tastes were restricted to wondering whether you'd still want the dining-room wallpaper if you knew that Mrs. G. from down the street had been in just that morning and ordered the same pattern.

Her successor, the computer, makes a more raw set of assumptions and acts on them. I can live with that. Every now and then, though, I do get curious about who told those creeps that I'm the type of girl who'd want a luminous head-of-Christ bedside table lamp that glows in the dark.



Up-coming in Atlantic Insight

EDITH BUTLER

Atlantic Canada's best-known Acadian singer returned to New Brunswick recently and talked about her roots, her life, her new approach to her career. Read about her in December's *Atlantic Insight*.



GENEALOGY

Edith Butler's not the only one concerned with her roots. Many Atlantic Canadians are spending time and money to trace their family trees. Read how, where and why they're doing it in *Atlantic Insight*'s December issue.



CHRISTMAS IN ATLANTIC CANADA

A quarter-century ago the late poet and author Charles Bruce remembered his roots by recalling a boyhood Christmas on the east coast. In December's *Atlantic Insight* we celebrate the season by enjoying, once again, "Christmas from the Shimmering Pool of Then."



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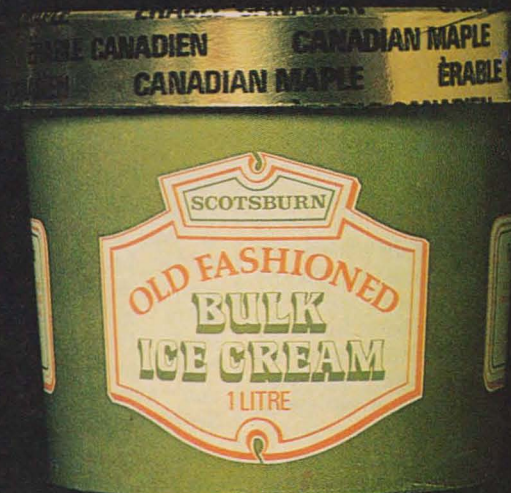
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Let them eat cake

Dorothea Becker's terrific tortes bring a touch of old Vienna to New Brunswick

By Veronica Leonard

Like many farm wives, Dorothea Becker was a good cook who especially liked baking. The supply of fresh cream, butter, eggs and fruit on her family farm near Melk, Austria, encouraged her to experiment with traditional Austrian and German recipes for mouth-watering cakes and pastries. She had no formal training. Her mother-in-law, a teacher at a domestic science school, gave her advice, and a family of six children, along with visitors to the farm, were her rooting section.

In 1973 the Beckers emigrated to Canada, settling on a small farm at Chapman's Corner near Cape Tormentine, N.B. The going was tough and Dorothea decided to tackle the bills by finding a second source of income. With her husband's encouragement she opened a coffee house in an old country store at the edge of the Becker farm. Here she offered coffee, sandwiches and cakes to tourists and other German immigrants in the community.

Her neighbors gave the project little chance. The building was off the major tourist route, with no advertising but a hand-painted sign: The Vienna Coffee House. Dorothea spoke neither English nor French, but she was no stranger to the challenge of new beginnings. Twenty years earlier she had taken part in a daring escape from East Berlin. At 46, she'd started life over in New Brunswick. If she didn't speak the language, her cooking spoke eloquently for her.

The first tourists who stopped by for a quick snack were charmed by the quiet, Old World atmosphere and overwhelmed by the selection of cakes. Redolent of whipped cream, butter cream, chocolate curls and fruit, bearing exotic names like *Sachertorte*, *Zugertorte*, *Schwarzwälder kirschtorte*, *Käsekuchen* and *Obsttorte*, they were as delicious as they were unexpected. After two successful summers at Chapman's Corner, Dorothea opened a second coffee house at Sackville, N.B., and kept it open year round. Residents and students from Mount Allison University loved it. Now the Beckers are

looking for larger quarters and thinking of establishing a third coffee house in Moncton.

Dorothea has adapted some of her recipes to suit local tastes. The butter cream for her peach torte and *Frankfurter Kranz* was too rich and heavy for calorie- and cholesterol-conscious North Americans. So she lightened it with vanilla pudding. Customers ignored her *Sachertorte*, a famous Viennese specialty. But her Black Forest cake, loaded with whipped cream, cherries and chocolate, is wildly popular.

Neither coffee house has kitchen space, so food must be prepared in advance. Dorothea created the Austrian Farmer sandwich—a sort of Continental submarine—for hearty eaters. Her *Frittatensuppe* can be made with little effort on a small hotplate. Does anyone complain? Purists, maybe. New Brunswickers and visitors, never.

Frittatensuppe (Pancake Soup) Broth

½ small onion
1 soup bone
4 cups water
2 tbsp. vegetable flakes
1 beef bouillon cube
salt and pepper to taste

Put all the ingredients into a medium saucepan and bring to a boil. Skim off foam and excess fat and simmer for up to an hour. When ready to serve remove soup bone and onion.

Pancakes

6 tbsp. milk
3 tbsp. flour
1 egg, separated
dash of salt and nutmeg

Mix milk, flour and egg yolk together until smooth. Add nutmeg and salt to taste. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into milk, yolk and flour mixture. Fry in oil over a medium heat as you would for any pancake until golden brown on both sides. Allow to cool on kitchen paper. Roll up the pancakes and slice crosswise into fine strips. Put pancake strips into soup bowls, pour the hot broth over them and garnish with chopped parsley. Serves 4.

Bauernschnitte

(Austrian Farmer Sandwich)

The Austrian Farmer sandwich resembles a submarine sandwich. Using a base of light rye bread (preferably home-made) cover it with a layer of light salad cream or mayonnaise and then layer with cooked ham, salami, smoked meat and slices of tomato, cucumber, hard-boiled egg and cheese. Then top with a scattering of diced

green pepper and rosettes of mayonnaise dusted with paprika.

Pfirsichtorte (Peach Torte)

5 eggs, separated
¾ cup sugar
1¼ cups flour
3 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. vanilla

Beat the egg yolks. In a separate



bowl whip the egg whites until stiff, beat in the egg yolks and vanilla and slowly add the sugar, keeping the mixture light and fluffy. Sift in the flour and baking powder gradually, beating until the flour is used up. Run a spatula around the side of the bowl to make sure that the batter is evenly mixed. Pour into a flat-bottomed tube pan. To ensure even rising, only grease the bottom of the pan. Bake at 375° F. for 20 minutes or until top springs back to the touch.

Butter Cream

½ package of vanilla pudding mix
(not the instant variety)
½ lb. unsalted butter
4 or more tbsp. icing sugar

Make up the pudding as directed on the package and allow to cool. Cream



butter and sugar and add the vanilla pudding.

Krokant

- 1 tsp. butter
- 2 tbsp. crushed hazelnuts
- 3 tbsp. sugar

Brown the sugar and nuts in the melted butter, stirring constantly. As soon as the sugar turns brown, remove pan from heat and continue stirring to obtain crumbly mixture that does not stick to the side of the pan.

To make up the torte: Slice the cake into 3 layers. Spread each layer with butter cream and top with drained canned peaches. Stack the layers and spread the butter cream over the sides. Garnish the top with butter-cream rosettes, peaches and sprinkle gener-

ously with the Krokant.

Gugelhupf (Marble Cake)

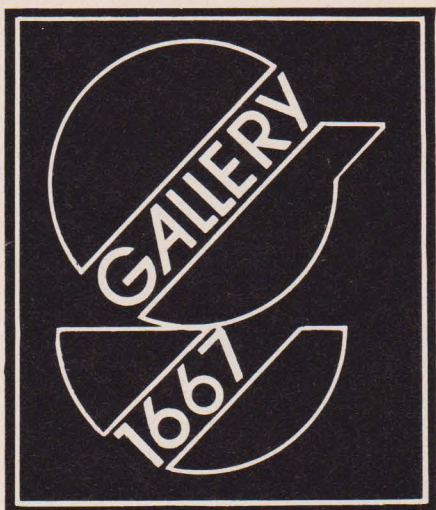
- 1½ cups icing sugar
- 6 eggs, separated
- dash of salt
- 1½ tbsp. rum (*not* rum extract)
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- ½ cup vegetable oil
- ½ cup water
- 1¾ cups flour
- 4 to 5 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tbsp. cocoa
- 2 handfuls walnuts, roughly chopped
- 2 tsp. icing sugar

Mix 1½ cups icing sugar with egg yolks and salt. Whip until creamy. Add rum and lemon juice. Slowly beat in oil. Sift in flour and baking powder,

beating until all the flour is used up. Stir in up to half a cup of water. In separate bowl whip egg whites until stiff and fold into the batter. Grease a bundt pan with butter and sprinkle in walnuts. Pour the batter into pan, reserving 6 tbsp. Mix this remaining batter with the cocoa and 2 tsp. icing sugar. Pour over the batter and fork in, in spirals. Bake at 350° F. for 40-50 minutes. When cool, dust with icing sugar.

Eiskaffee (Ice Coffee)

Pour cold perked coffee over a scoop of vanilla ice cream in a tall glass. Add a generous spoonful of whipped cream and top with chocolate shavings. Serve with a spoon and straw.



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Show Business

Minglewood Band gets hot

They're making it on raunch, tough rock and Maritime feeling

When Matt Minglewood arrived at an outdoor Halifax rock concert astride a prancing palomino, it was more than your usual showbiz entrance. The display didn't hurt, of course. It's symbolic of the recent success of Minglewood and his Nova Scotian rock-blues band. But owning a horse ranch in his native Cape Breton is one of the 32-year-old singer-songwriter's goals. It's where he learned to ride when he was seven, at Donald Rankin's farm in Ball's Creek, "just down the road from North Sydney."

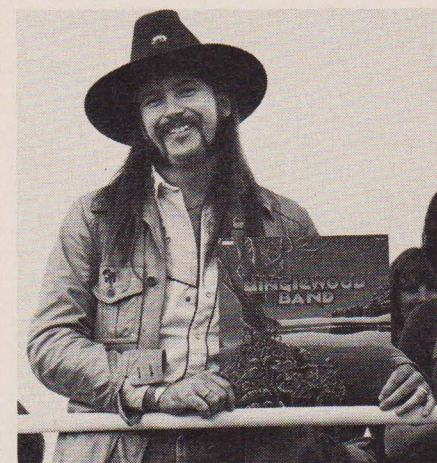
The Minglewood Band is hot. They have a contract with RCA Records that Minglewood calls "a very good deal." RCA paid for a new album that is in the record stores with all the promotional muscle a major recording company can provide. "It's only being distributed in Canada," says Minglewood, "but it's a big break for us. If it does well, RCA's U.S. operation has first option to push it in the States."

The six-man band, most of whom have been together for nearly four years, have paid their dues with performances in bars and clubs all over Canada. Now they're counting on records to attract a larger audience. They financed their first album, recorded less than two years ago in Dartmouth, N.S., out of their own pockets and sent the crude yet appealing collection of blues-oriented songs with a hard-driving bar-band touch to radio stations across the country. Some FM stations, particularly in Montreal, played it and the album sold nearly 15,000 copies, remarkable for an independently produced effort.

Last spring, the Minglewood Band sold out the legendary El Mocambo rock club in Toronto for two nights. It was sweet: Toronto had been a tough city to crack. But Minglewood is bitter about Halifax stations' failure to air the album. "They're playing us a little now but that's only because we've proven ourselves elsewhere. We played the Maritime Pop Festival last summer in Pictou County, and the local promoters treated us like we were nothing. They were catering to all the big-name acts and we ran into hassles if we went looking for a glass of juice." He sighs, and then his face lights up with a small grin: "Let's face it, though, this is still the best

damn place in the world to live."

Minglewood's fondness for Nova Scotia isn't just rhetoric. He says his band will donate to the Cape Breton Development Corporation's planned feasibility study on building a recording studio in Cape Breton, primarily for east-coast artists. On stage, he consistently reminds his audiences of the advantages of living in the Maritimes and brings his fervor to his writing. His songs relate to Maritime experiences within the limited context of his rock-blues style:



Minglewood: The rock and roll bug bit him



The band: Off-the-wall rock plus blues

*You've got your Cape Breton coal
miner, digging for coal
Trying to make a living in a dark,
wet hole
When the eagle flies, the booze
begins to flow
There ain't no doubt about it,
He's got blues running in his soul.
Long Way From Texas—Maritime Blues.*

DAVID HASTY

Says Minglewood: "I don't want to sound preachy, but this is the only place I can live and be happy. The band feels the same way." Home for Minglewood is Sydney Mines. His fiddle-playing grandfather introduced him to music. He first performed publicly at a Gaelic Mod when he was four, eventually teaching himself to play piano, organ and guitar. The son of a CNR superintendent, his real name is Roy Batherson. A drummer in one of his early bands named him Matt Minglewood and the name stayed. In his mid-teens he thought of becoming a priest and spent two years in a seminary: "They kicked me out, but it was OK; the rock and roll bug bit me, and there was no turning back."

Minglewood became co-leader of a popular Cape Breton band, Moon-Minglewood, which stayed together for eight years, allowing Matt to hone his skills, particularly as an energetic live performer. In 1977 his old friend Sam Moon, the other leader, left and Minglewood took over. The present band (Paul Dunn, North Sydney; Enver Sampson, Jr., Sydney River; Mark MacMillan, P.E.I. and Halifax; Donny Hann, Sydney Mines and Bobby Woods, Coquitlam, B.C.) plays an uncompromising brand of off-the-wall, burning rock and roll with blues overtones, and seems to improve with each performance. Minglewood, resembling an aging hippie with his long flowing hair and unusual collection of hats, dominates their lively stage show, but shares vocals and songwriting with harmonica player Sampson. He's generous in his praise of his band and other local bands. "Matt is the obvious up-front guy, but he doesn't treat us like sidemen," says drummer Woods.

The Minglewood Band is one of several Maritime groups drawing attention across the country (Dutchy Mason, the granddaddy of them all, recently cut a record for London Records in Montreal), and they're excited about it. "I've always thought Maritime bands have a sound all their own," Minglewood says. "It has something to do with the country music influence and the Scottish music we heard when we were growing up. We bring those sounds subtly to our music, I think."

Minglewood's manager, Doug Kirby, adds, "I think it's because Maritime bands are more raunchy in their style than other bands across the country. Disco music may be big, but there's an audience that still likes tough rock music that tells stories in its lyrics, like country writers do." The Minglewood Band delivers its share of raunch, and a little message, too: The Maritimes is someplace special. The nice part is, they mean it.

— Harris Sullivan

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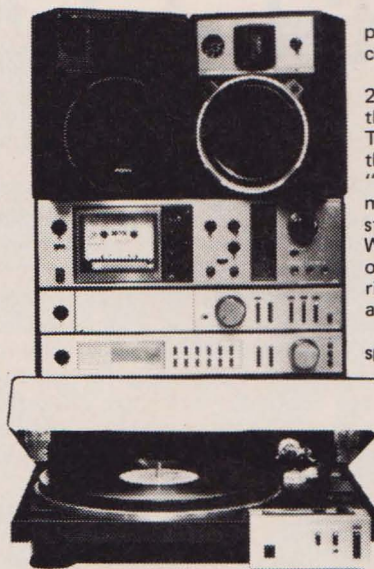


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Cotton's Back to Canada, oil on canvas

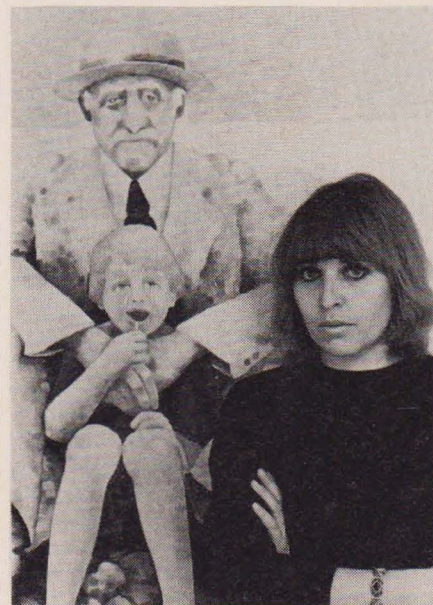
An instant artist, she's "phenomenal"

Sheila Cotton, Fredericton: "I took off like a comet and was just as lonely"

It wasn't God who made honky-tonk angels." A female voice with a nasal Tennessee twang sings that line inside my head whenever anybody mentions Kitty Wells, the undisputed Queen of Country Music now that Mother Maybelle Carter has gone Beyond the Sunset. But right at the moment, on the record player in this little white house on George Street in Fredericton, Kitty Wells is singing, "Cry, steel guitar, cry on," with a steel guitar obediently crying in the background. "That's the kind of music I play when I'm painting," Sheila Cotton says. "There's a terrific song on this record called, 'Searching.' But I think I've done my best work while Sylvia Tyson was singing, 'I work every day in a truckers' café.'" She laughs and asks me if I'd like a beer. I tell her, "Yes," and she goes off to fetch it.

Cotton began to paint seriously only last December but, according to Robert Percival, art curator of the New Brunswick Museum in Saint John, "She's already better than 80% of the artists in the region." Her first exhibition, organized by the New Brunswick Museum and consisting of 20 oil paintings under the collective title, *People*, is currently on a year-long tour under the auspices of the Atlantic Provinces Art Gallery Association.

"The day the show opened in Saint John, nine of the paintings were sold," she says, passing me a Pabst Blue Ribbon. Her tone and expression convey satisfaction and surprise in about equal measure. I make a note; she looks doubtful. "Maybe we oughtn't to mention that. It might sound crass—or naive." She talks with the accent of her native Arkansas—she was born in



"Better than 80% of artists in region"

STEPHEN HOMER

Little Rock 32 years ago—and still occasionally uses the second person plural, “you all.” “I’ve just come out of the closet,” she says. It’s exciting to be acknowledged, suddenly, as an artist, and a bit of a lark to be interviewed for publication, but it’s also potentially embarrassing. “Now what I want to do is learn how to paint.”

Percival classifies her work as being “between Pop and High Realism.” He refers to the “luscious intensity” of colors that make her canvases “sing.” Their cheerful humanity and confident humanness reminded me at once of the paintings of D.H. Lawrence, whose favorite painter was Cézanne. It’s always summer in Sheila Cotton’s pictures—she expressed surprise and looked a little worried when I pointed this out to her—and, again like Lawrence, she celebrates the sun. “That probably comes from my having moved from the south to the north.” She and her husband, Roger, a graduate student in law, emigrated to Canada in 1969. “Because of the draft.” They’re now Canadian citizens.

For the first six years, they farmed on Vancouver Island. “Neither of us had a farm background. But we made a living at it, with a herd of goats, a greenhouse and a vegetable garden. I think that working the farm may indirectly have made it possible for me to become a painter without any formal training except some summer courses in drawing when I was in high school. When you have to nurse sick animals, you can’t allow yourself to be intimidated by lack of experience.”

Her father was a Sunday painter, and, “When I was a child, we never went camping like normal people. We went to the Art Institute of Chicago.” Her mother was also interested in the arts, but Cotton thinks she may have been influenced most by her father’s profession. He was manager of four motion picture theatres. “Sometimes I’d watch every show from the one that began at 12 noon through the one that ended at midnight. I’ve watched the same movie—of course they were ‘movies’ then, not ‘films’—as many as 15 times.” Percival remarks that Cotton’s work often produces “an effect similar to movies in which the action is suddenly stopped for seconds in order to emphasize a dramatic action only to run again before we are aware of the break.”

The Cottons came to the Maritimes in 1975, having decided they wanted a bigger farm: They had heard it was a place where good, cheap land was readily obtainable. “We spent four months on the road, looking at farms without finding one that satisfied us.” They decided to spend the winter in Woodstock, N.B. “We picked Wood-

stock because when we drove through we saw two restaurants, the Whoa-Daddy and the Hinky-Dinky. There had to be something good about a town that had restaurants with names like that.” The following spring, they moved to Fredericton.

A “proud dropout” from university, where she majored in philosophy, Sheila found work as a book designer. Last winter, she seriously thought about starting her own small publishing company. Then, on an impulse that she can’t account for, she began to paint. “I took off like a comet and was just as lonely.” Then she mustered the courage to show her work to Bob Percival. “I knew he’d be utterly frank; he’s a very honest person.” Percival recalls his reaction: “Here was an instant artist, come out of the blue. Phenomenal!”

We drink our beer and listen to Kitty Wells sing, “Searching.” Most of the time, Sheila Cotton’s public face is as cheerful as her paintings; but there are moments, and this is one of them, when she looks achingly vulnerable. “I don’t just do pictures of people, you know. I’m very aware of composition.” A pause. “And happiness can be very complex, even sinister.” She’s thinking, I suppose: Oh, God, I hope he doesn’t make me sound like a young Grandma Moses drawing pictures of the neighbors to the tune of a hillbilly guitar. Everything has been happening so fast and what if she can’t keep up? And what if, and what if, and what if? She shakes the invisible monkey off her shoulder. “Now I just want to work very hard at my easel for the next 40 years,” she says. And smiles.

— Alden Nowlan



Hudson's Bay nude: A “luscious intensity”



Dead River Picnic

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Gander's the place for a proper tear

Its Flyers Club has dancing, music and, mostly, strippers. They all love Newfoundland

And here she is folks, Sassy Hellstarr, straight from Montreal, strutting her stuff and performing gymnastics you never thought possible with the human body... The cliché introduction has no calming effect on the nervous 19-year-old blond who wiggles onto the large dance floor from her cubbyhole near the coat-racks. The men from the Department of Forestry applaud, the salesman from Moncton whistles, the air force recruit from Alberta gapes and the lady from Carmanville clucks in disgust. The rest of the 300-odd patrons go about their business: Drinking, talking, occasionally looking. Sassy relaxes, hits her stride and slowly, slowly sheds her satin slip.

Exotic dancers have been part of the scene at the Flyers Club of Gander, Nfld., since Claude Brown founded it 13 years ago. And they're still its entertainment mainstay long after bump-and-grind has faded from most parts of the province. Strippers got too expensive for many clubs in Newfoundland. Smaller communities didn't get the transient trade necessary to support them. But Gander, pop. 10,000, calls itself "The Crossroads of the World": Not only does it have an international airport, but the RAF and the armed forces pass through it regularly. It's the home of

Eastern Provincial Airways and Newfoundland's only convention centre city. Gander exists off its transient population. And that keeps strippers in business.

Glen Goobie, the new owner of the Flyers Club says: "Many of these conventions are men-only affairs. When they are in Gander and have their business done, they're curious. They want to come down and see what it's all about. In small communities they know everyone; in Gander they don't." Others go to the Flyers Club to run into a friend. Government officials, university professors and salesmen are all there—every night of the week. One university employee from St. John's, 200 miles away, says, "When I'm on a proper tear that's the place to go. I know I'm going to meet someone from government also on a tear." A secretary from St. John's

RAY LANIEL



Sassy Hellstarr: When she's through, she stays at her own table

adds, "It's so easy to meet people there."

All kinds of strippers have appeared at the Flyers Club. Rita Atlanta did a champagne dance. Rika Sawa brought along \$35,000 worth of costumes. Rose Denuy was a belly dancer and Chesty Morgan was so top heavy she had to be led onstage.

Former owner Brown, 50, claims the majority of the strippers are nice girls. "Most of them are sociable and sincere and they all love Newfoundland. Most of them come from the States and are always happy to return here. In the States they are hassled a lot...some of them have had to carry guns." Goobie, 34, a former pilot who bought the club in September, agrees. "They are very mannerly and well spoken. After Sassy finishes she sits at her own table. She won't leave it and won't talk with anyone unless she checks with me first."

Novice strippers earn about \$450 a week. A big-name performer like Chesty Morgan gets \$3,000 a week. When Brown started the club most of the strippers were on a performers' circuit. Now they fly in, all expenses paid, from the strip capital of Canada—Montreal. The Flyers Club thinks the expense pays off in attendance.

The club opens six nights a week, is usually jammed and, depending on who's headlining the entertainment, there is often a lineup. For Chesty Morgan, there was a long one. Thursday, Friday and Saturday are the biggest nights. The club stays open until 2:00 a.m. On Saturday it's mainly couples as townsmen take their wives and girl friends to the club "for a scuff." Thursday is darts night and "everyone and his dog plays darts in Gander." When the game is over the boys all head to the Flyers Club. Every night is transient night.

Both Brown and Goobie recognize the value of the local trade and try to entice it with variety. Acts like Juliette, Johnny Green and the Green Men, the Bells, the Carleton Showband, Reveen, the hypnotist, and the Happy Dolls alternate with the strippers. An occasional streaker may compete with the girls onstage. The club also has one of the largest dance floors in Newfoundland.

Complaints? Thirteen years ago there were a few. One resident even protested to the police. The RCMP checked it out, charged the stripper and fined the club. But they let her back onstage the next night to finish her act before deporting her to the United States. There's not been much trouble since and, as far as Gander is concerned, Sassy and her sisters are here to stay.

—Susan Sherk

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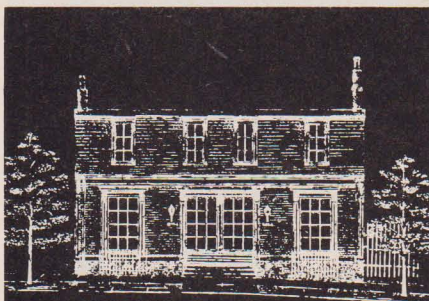
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Movies

Here's another prefab, Hollywood crowd-pleaser

And Justice for All is predictable for all

By Martin Knelman

Rebel movie heroes were once drop-outs and drifters who wore jeans, rode motorbikes and swaggered their romantic defiance of conventional society. But in the 1970s the audience pulled back and moved quietly to the right, and movie mythology has followed right along. Today the hero of an American movie charged with a spirit of social and political reform is likely to be a decent, moderate man trying to do his best within the system. He doesn't dress differently from the villains; he wears pin-stripe suits and neat little ties, like the troubled Ted Kennedy-style senator played by Alan Alda (in a role he wrote for himself) in *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*. And like the good, quiet lawyer played by Al Pacino in the new Norman Jewison picture *And Justice for All*.

Does anybody need to be told that the title of the Jewison movie is meant to be ironic? When we first meet Pacino

he's in jail, having been cited by an iron-fisted judge for contempt of court. The movie is also in contempt of court; that's its selling point. Right from the start we're shown that Arthur Kirkland, the Pacino character, has too much moral intelligence for his own good. He's in jail for caring too much about his client, for going berserk in court when a narrow-minded judge goes for the letter of the law instead of simple human justice.

Having Pacino in jail for the opening scene allows Jewison to identify him with the outcasts, and it also gives him an opening for a cute, snappy teaser as he shows the arrival of a new inmate—a black transvestite who wins sarcastic whistles from the boys behind bars while being stripped of his blond wig and hooker's getup. It almost goes without saying that the black will turn out to be one of the oppressed of the earth, and that Pacino will be the defender who tries to save his neck. This is a clas-



Pacino (left) as lawyer, Forsythe as judge: No detail disturbs the film's neat little thesis

sis example of Jewison's knack for playing things both ways: He works up moral indignation and pathos for the same character whose freakiness he has already exploited for cheap laughs.

When his sense of pacing is on, Norman Jewison is so glibly amusing that you don't really get offended by his facile social commentaries. As a penetrating analysis of racial conflicts in the U.S. South of 1967, his Oscar-winning *In the Heat of the Night* may have been glib, but as a comedy-thriller enlivened by the cartoon antagonism of Rod Steiger and Sidney Poitier it was crackerjack entertainment. Jewison has made other enjoyable popular movies, especially *The Cincinnati Kid*. But when he loses his knack for entertaining the audience, as he did in the deadly *Rollerball*, that's when the shallowness of his pontificating starts to bother you.

And Justice for All, produced from a script by Valerie Curtin and Barry Levinson, has the energy and drive that were lacking in *Rollerball*. It hurtles along, making sure we're never bored. It will probably be a hit. Its message that the system is hopelessly corrupt won't shock the audience, because the audience of the post-Watergate age is programmed to believe that the system is hopelessly corrupt. And the gimmicky courtroom finale in which Pacino abandons his professional role and speaks to the jury straight from the heart—well, it's shrewdly calculated to turn *And Justice for All* into the *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* of the 1970s.



This isn't the first time Pacino has played the one moral man left in the system. He did it in *Serpico* where, in the title role, he was pushed to the painful conclusion that everybody else in the New York police force was corrupt. Pacino was able to bring something special to that role, maybe because Frank Serpico's story was not merely literally true but true in terms of how the movie was conceived. *And Justice for All* is pure fiction, of course, but it's fiction that doesn't ring true. There aren't any messy, bizarre surprises. The hero stays within the narrow limits of his preordained heroism, and the villains are perfectly villainous, and the colorful

poor victims are dutifully colorful, poor and victim-like. Just to keep things going, Jewison trots out a couple of celebrities for vaudeville turns—acting mentor Lee Strasberg as Arthur's insufferably wise old grandfather, and Jack Warden as a nutty judge who fires a pistol when he wants order in the court.

And Justice for All purports to take the lid off corruption in the judicial system, but it becomes a demonstration of corruption in the film business. No detail is allowed to disturb its neat little thesis. It's the judges who are corrupt and the "criminals" who are victimized, so Jewison doesn't disturb us by showing any prisoners who might really be

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Movies

guilty. As for the lawyers, they're just smart professionals who are trapped in the system, doing their best to defend their clients according to their oaths and the teachings of John Houseman in *The Paper Chase*. Jewison's concept is updated Capra populism: Arthur is pushed toward the moment when, seeing himself as a pawn in an oppressive system, he has to throw out all his training and save his soul by speaking the truth, standing up for the little people. Just to make sure all bases are covered, the script throws in a romance cloned from

Adam's Rib: In the midst of all his troubles Arthur is sleeping with a woman on a legal committee investigating his professional ethics.

And *Justice for All* diverts the audience with snappy yarns about the miscarriage of justice, in much the way that *The Hospital* some years ago entertained the audience with yarns about the incompetence of doctors. Maybe if this movie had some of *The Hospital*'s giddy spirit and something akin to George C. Scott's wild-man performance, *And Justice for All* could succeed as black

comedy. On that level, what the picture needs is an outrageously amusing villain—a character so exuberant, so possessed by evil that we could see how he charms victims. But Jewison makes the mistake of casting John Forsythe as the wicked judge—who earns so much hostility by sending innocent people to jail on technicalities, and abusing compassionate defence lawyers like Arthur, that when the judge himself is accused of rape, there isn't a lawyer in captivity who would like to defend him.

John Forsythe looks about as interesting as a mannequin for expensive businessmen's clothes—he's John Turner, with a scowl on his face to let the audience know this man is not nice—and he has the air of one whose greatest sin must be repression. A villain like this gives the audience the assuring subliminal message that there's no percentage in villainy; his wickedness doesn't seem like much fun. Doesn't Jewison realize that if he had cast a square in the Rod Steiger role in *In the Heat of the Night*, it would have lost its perverse crackle? A director with a more interesting sense of possibilities might have used Orson Welles or Rip Torn, whose hammy sliminess enlivened *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*. If *And Justice for All* had been wilder, hipper and looser—an outrageous Lenny Bruce farce about the collapse of social institutions—it might have added up to more than a prefab Hollywood crowd-pleaser.

Time after time

Nicholas Meyer, who wrote *The Seven Per Cent Solution*, has come up with another playful conceit about a meeting of famous characters, and this time he has directed the movie based on his own material. Last time it was Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Freud. This time H.G. Wells gets together with Jack the Ripper (the opening scene is like a rerun of *Murder by Decree*) and the two of them wind up in a chase to modern San Francisco, travelling back and forth from Victorian England in the time machine that Wells wrote about. It's an amusing conceit, and there are some entertaining moments as Malcolm McDowell (playing Wells) grapples with current lingo and customs while trying to stop fiendish Jack (David Warner) from slicing up West Coast ladies. But the script probably reads better than it plays; Meyer doesn't yet have the filmic style to make this more than a clever trifle.

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Books

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The Dalhousie Journals,
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Oberon Press, \$17.50

The people are very poor & indolent; fond of rum, they appear half drunk & wasting their time; they loiter about their houses & their field work, & seem content in raising a sufficiency of potatoes for winter." Bad news, Nova Scotians: That's *you* the man is talking about.

The man is George Ramsay, ninth Earl of Dalhousie, and Governor of Nova Scotia from 1816 to 1820. Marjory Whitelaw has edited his journals for the period and produced a fascinating account of British North America half a century before Confederation.

Keeping a diary is a special art, like sketching. Fortunately, Dalhousie was a natural. He introduces us memorably to the people he meets on his travels around the province and as far west as Niagara Falls. One of them is an Irishman called Drayton in Liscomb on the eastern shore. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he retains his perfect knowledge of Latin and Greek. He had settled in Nova Scotia and fathered 11 children after serving in the American War of Independence: "His appearance was quite original, long, lanky white hair hanging over a very old & wrinkled head, a hat in rags, & often sewed together with rope yarns, a shirt of flannel, red & yellow pieces patched—a pair of soldier's old pantaloons & no shoes—a most miserable figure altogether."

A diarist must also be a gossip, if he is to be interesting, and Dalhousie gossips excellently, particularly about politics. He gives a sense of the claustrophobic concerns of the little colonial communities of British North America, such as the internal warfare at King's College. As a governor of the College, he describes the clash between the president and vice-president, Drs. Porter and Cochran, who together represented the entire faculty of a college which had a total of 12 students! One can hardly blame him for founding, out of sheer disgust, the rival institution which bears his name and constitutes his greatest legacy.

The human side of Dalhousie comes through clearly. There is a very moving

moment in the book when he and his wife learn of the death of a younger son whom they have left at school in England and wait anxiously for further news about an elder son, also seriously ill. Dalhousie has a nice wit and a lively sense of fun, too. As he sails down the St. Lawrence, he remarks, "The calculations of sailors in this are not very clear to me. We now go 3 knots thro' the water & the rate of current in our favour is 5 knots. Therefore they say we do 8 knots. But it seems to me that if we go at all faster than the current, it can be of no use to us. We have however argued it stoutly & I conclude myself wrong..."

The Dalhousie Journals shows us a Canada full of magnificent scenery, rustic characters, and great potential. But perhaps even more winningly than that, we meet in its author a charming, energetic, modest, life-loving Scot whom it must have been impossible not to like and admire.

—John Godfrey



Dalhousie: "A charming...life-loving Scot"

Richness and contrasts in Thompson's fiction

Kent Thompson,
Shotgun and Other Stories,
New Brunswick Chapbooks, \$3

If you know the work of Fredericton writer Kent Thompson, you probably know the hallmarks of his fiction: A focus on the inner workings of the heart and mind rather than physical action; first-person narrative where the person who tells the story is also the main character; geographical settings that are vague and lightly sketched. If you have read either of Thompson's two novels, *The Tenants Were Corrie and Tennie* and *Across from the Floral Park*, you will welcome the reappearance of these techniques, further developed, in the 10 short stories collected in *Shotgun and Other Stories*. All of them have been published previously in Canadian magazines or broadcast by the CBC.

Getting inside the head of a character is one of the biggest difficulties in writing fiction: How does an 81-year-old man think and feel? Or a teen-aged girl? Thompson confronts these questions head-on: The narrators are far removed from the man Thompson, himself, and different from each other. The results are satisfying, particularly in two stories involving an octogenarian retired lawyer, Wilson, whose age generates the plots of "Shotgun" and "Perhaps the Church Building Itself," plots that ask the question: What's next? What's on the other side? Other narrators include a cool minister of a totalitarian state and a young woman about to be married. All these narrative poses are successful in their way. But Thompson's matter-of-fact style carries over from story to story, sometimes leaving us with less differentiation among them than we might wish.

The problem of geographical location, which so bedevils Canadian fiction that it often leaves only a verbal landscape scattered with place names from Come-By-Chance to Kitimat, is one that Thompson avoids. He makes little attempt to convince the reader that the Fredericton stories are set in Fredericton: There is little local color and, for an unimaginative visualizer like me, this gives a surreal, universal background for the characters.

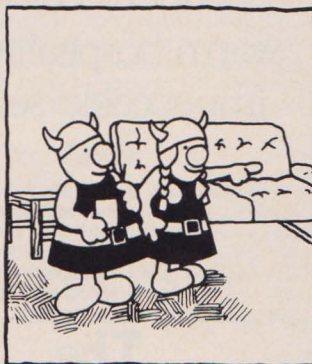
Rich parallels and contrasts are the strong points in Thompson's plots: In "Among Women" where two women have sexual experiences with the same man; in the excellent "Two Photographs" where two sisters say a last goodbye to their husbands on the same day (one husband is buried and the other deserts while his wife is at the funeral) and in "The Pilot" where unexpected disasters—rain spoiling a picnic, dogs suddenly mating before a family group—contrast with expected disasters that don't happen (the lover's attempt to anticipate his marriage, the pilot who successfully does his aircraft stunt in the fog). Surprise—as in "The Pilot"—gives

healthy satisfaction in many Thompson plots; they are the kind of surprises that make for good fiction.

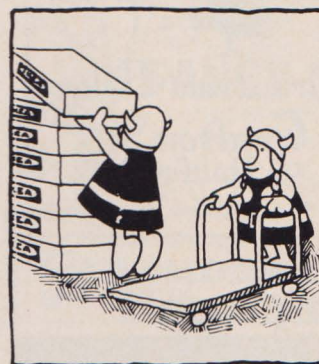
It's a tribute to the success of Kent Thompson's fiction that *Shotgun and Other Stories* is the first volume to appear in the prose section of a well-established series, the New Brunswick Chapbooks. Thompson has few axes to grind and the questions he asks of love and death are bigger than a world of dull axes. His heroines and heroes are sometimes failing and timid people, but their own rich little inner lives are strong enough to withstand the disasters outside.

— R.L. Raymond

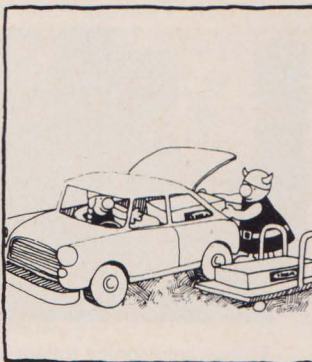
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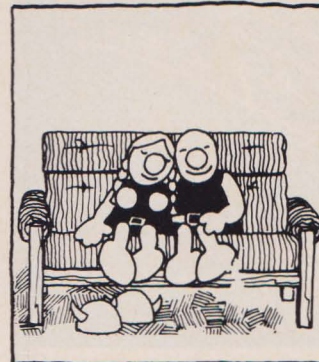
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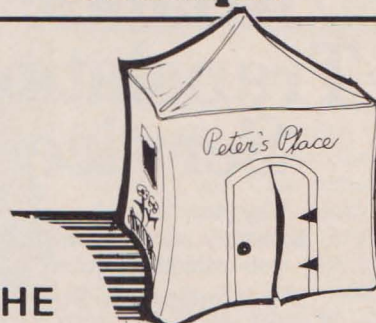
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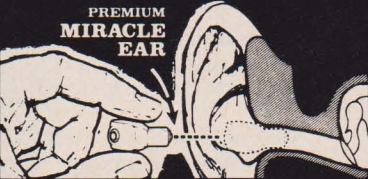
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Profile

"The legendary David Cole" lives off laughs on CBC

A jail in Afghanistan may be a curious way-station on the road to show-biz success but it's part of David Cole's story and, right now, he is the hottest new comedy writer in Canadian radio and television. One Saturday morning in '78, Cole, once of Halifax, showed up on Danny Finkelman's CBC radio show to embellish and lighten the story of his numbing months in the cell in Afghanistan. His sketch might well have been called, "What Happens When a Member of the Drug Culture, Circa Early Seventies, Gets Busted in Afghanistan, Is Mistreated, Appeals to the International Red Cross for Help, and Is Told They Can't Do Anything but They Certainly Enjoy His Expressive Writing." Cole sounded very New York, with a touch of Haight-Ashbury. His tale was hilarious and, from that morning on, he was off and running as a Finkelman regular.

"He should be writing comedy on Mars," Finkelman says, as though the entire solar system would appreciate Cole's weird wit. But the ex-Haligonian (never of either New York or Haight-Ashbury) is content to be funny from Toronto. He farms out stuff to Don Harron's *Morningside* (35 sketches last year), *King of Kensington*, assorted TV specials, the Ontario educational channel's *Comedy Shoppe*. Cole writes all of CBC radio's *Live Wires*, a new series called *The Earthlings*, and a comedy show on CBC TV in Toronto. In 1980-81, he'll write a series for CBC's national TV network.

If Cole's wit is stark and sophisticated, his appearance is neither. His hair is pandemonium on a scalp, his clothes so wrinkled a bum might sneer at them. But he's said he thinks he looks good, and it's his unique way of observing not only himself but also mankind that helps him earn good money from laughs in a country in which satirists are likely to end up as cab-drivers.

When Cole sells a story or program idea at the CBC, producer John Kastner says, he unleashes manic energy: "I've

seen him go into a room full of grim-faced CBC bureaucrats and leave them rolling in the aisles." Radio singer-satirist Nancy White, who grew up in Charlottetown and earned national fame on CBC's *Sunday Morning* (see Folks, *Atlantic Insight*, April) says, "David is always doing schtick." It was in Nova Scotia that she first heard of "the legendary David Cole." He was studying English at Saint Mary's in those days, selling drugs, travelling the world. Now, in Toronto, White knows him by his ditties. He calls her up, warbles something zany.

Cole is 33. He says he "peaked late," that commissions to do comic material still scare him. "Every time



Cole at work: "He should be writing comedy on Mars"

I have to do a *Morningside* sketch," he says, "I think, *My God, now they're going to find out it's all a fraud. It's all been luck, a fluke. Now I'm in for a big surprise.*"

It's always hard to tell how serious Cole is but if he *does* worry, it's easy to understand why. His life has scarcely been a steady climb toward success. After Afghanistan, he lectured at Dalhousie University, did work for the LeDain Commission on drug use, wrote for a defunct Halifax weekly, finally went "back to the land." He says, "It wasn't exactly a farm, more like a summer house converted into a winter house by putting in a stove." Like other disillusioned members of the counter-culture, he served his "whole earth"

time. With his wife Ann and their two kids, he "lived organically," let his mind wander over hill, dale and the livestock reports on CBC's *Radio Noon*. "Then," he remembers, "I heard an old geyser talking about his budgie bird and I thought, *That's terrible, I'm as bad as that.*" So he wrote something. A radio producer bought it, saying, "That's worse than what was on the air." Cole said, "If it's worse, I want more money."

Farm chores had begun to pall. In '77, he moved to Toronto to write "continuity" for *90 Minutes Live* (for \$8,000 a year). The fat salary of the producer annoyed him. "Writers are everything," he says. "A lot of producers, all they do is walk around, worry, and say nothing. They don't actually start from zero. It's easy to make snap decisions like, 'Well, are we going to have Leon Redbone and the Good Brothers or are we going to have the Archbishop of Uganda and the anti-abortion lady? Or are we going to have the Good Brothers and the Archbishop or the anti-abortion lady and

Leon Redbone. Let's put on the Archbishop of Uganda and Leon Redbone. You'll see a certain blackness and a pseudo-blackness.'" Cole now has his own chance to walk around, worry and say nothing. He's becoming a part-time producer of *Morningside* sketches.

Ann Cole uses "aggressive" to describe the comic sketches that he writes. A CBC executive calls them "violent," and Cole himself concedes they're "kinky." His satires, however, always have a point. They bite absurdities in politics, trends, ways of living. When he has *Star Trek* heroes discuss their

extraterrestrial income-tax returns, he's underlining the zaniness of our own tax forms. His "plumbing awards" send up every televised Grammy, Nellie, Emmy or Oscar ceremony you're ever endured.

Writers for TV and radio rarely get fan mail, but Cole says he got a "hand-written, intelligent" letter that made him feel his parodies and ideas were really reaching the nation's cognoscenti. He replied. His admirer then sent him an even more flattering letter. And then, yet a third, filled with such mildewy sentiments as, "Your humor reaches out to the dark dripping corridors of the mind." Of his new influence on the thought patterns of such Canadians, Cole says, "Thank God, he doesn't have my home address." — Sharon Clark

Ray Guy's column

Screech is bad but, ugh, seal-flipper pie is worse



A Jamaican hotel manager once gave a candid reply to a tourist who complained about the lack of traditional, authentic Jamaican dishes on the menu. "There are only two," he said. "Roasted goat from the slave days and the overstewed cabbage we inherited from the British. Which would you prefer?" I'd take both before I'd dabble in a grand old traditional, authentic Newfoundland dish like (guts, don't fail me now) seal-flipper pie.

That sort of heresy gets me shunned and avoided among the growing crowd of professional Newfoundlanders which is fed chiefly by the upper-middle class of St. John's. Large numbers of Newfoundlanders do have a genuine passion for....Will you allow me the mercy of referring to it from now on as SFP? As long as they don't eat it in the streets and frighten the horses they're welcome to it.

It's the frenzied lip-smacking and belly-patting among those lately driven by ersatz patriotism to SFP that puts me off. Yet I'm sure we're not unique in this. There comes a time in the upward social and economic scramble of any community when eating the poverty food of the past becomes a sort of ritual.

Take Screech...please! I'll bet you there's a bottle of Screech on prominent display in the liquor cabinet of every up-and-coming young lawyer in Newfoundland. Next year, he'll be hunting the antique shops for "ancestors" portraits. Screech is an absolute fraud. It isn't surprising that tourists have sucked it up. The irony is that Newfoundlanders have fallen for Screech baloney.

I once got a frantic letter from Farley Mowat warning me to eschew Screech lest my palms fall off and I grow hair on my teeth. He'd just visited a distillery in Jamaica where the stuff is made. I got the impression from his kind warning that, like that brandy which has a real peach inside the bottle, Screech should come with a peg-legged, one-eyed cane rat in residence. He's biased, of course, toward that Rattleskull Demerara. But at least his 100-proof London Dock is the closest thing now on the Newfoundland market to real Screech... supposing Screech was anything more

than a myth.

What they're passing off as Screech nowadays is ordinary 40-proof Jamaican. That wouldn't make even a Haligonian screech. It is certainly deficient as an anesthetic to those who feel obliged to eat seal fli...(Urk!) SFP. If those tourists want their fool sinuses reamed, the least we should be offering them is the Mowat cocktail. Better yet, why not that 151-proof chrome cleaner they flog in un-Christian corners of the globe like St. Pierre. I once brought home 40 ounces of it and at 8 o'clock the next morning—as I tried to roll two constables, three sports writers and a fireman out of the apartment—the crock was still half full. But I suppose our government is hesitant. At the end of each tourist season, the island would probably resemble the Jonestown Massacre. Yet with 40-proof they err too much on the side of caution.

Newfoundlanders concerned about our macho seal-eating image should demand that it be relabelled "Swish." That is another grand old drink of the northeast. In times past, the liquor board used to sell empty rum barrels to fishermen. Before the fisherfolk sawed them in half to make fish puncheons, they dumped in three or four gallons of water, swished it around, and poured out a vaguely drinkable substance.

On charitable grounds alone, Screech should be at least 100 proof. It's bound to be the stuff that's pushed under the innocent noses of visitors along with such Newfoundland soul food as boiled salt fish with bits of fried salted sow-belly on top of it. Or pickled and dried capelin eaten raw, guts included. Or dough balls that should only be served to those wearing steel-toed boots. Or cabbage à la Brit, boiled with more salted sow-belly. Or wassaname pie.

These authentic, traditional Newfoundland dishes call for a potable that deadens your senses by at least 75%. I've taken steps to protect my own internals from both Screech and those dutiful ritualistic SFPs that are thrust upon you by more and more professional Newfoundlanders. In times past I told lies about it. I said I'd been trauma-

tized in early puberty after eating a bad tin of the meat in question and having had to spend three days in an outhouse in mid-February. I was like the Roman Catholics who once had to have a jolly good reason for not eating fish.

It got me excused, but barely. To understand the pressures, you must know that in our entire history there has been only one bona fide Newfoundland who's publicly opposed the seal hunt. He was immediately clapped in a mental hospital for 30 days' observation. Now, whenever SFP is pressed upon me I no longer fib but simply state that I wouldn't touch the vile-looking muck with a 10-foot sculling oar. It's a shock tactic. The outrageousness winds them. It gets me put down as certifiable but saves me from having my citizenship plucked away on the spot. ☒

More thoughts on bottled pleasures

It's reported there are now some 118 licensed liquor establishments in St. John's, almost half of which are lounges, meeting places where patrons just come to sit and talk and drink. In Saskatoon, a city comparable to St. John's, there are about 20 such places. Incidentally, there's a related problem—the glass; not the ones they drink out of but the fragments of broken bottles that litter the steps, lanes and alleyways connecting Water and Duckworth streets.

St. John's *Evening Telegram*

I accept the wooden ships and iron men and I see evidence of what they did and what they built....But those who complain about the decline in the work ethic should recall that even in those great days it was frequently necessary to ply men with rum before they would work.

Robert L. Stanfield

A literate man needs quite a lot of booze just to be human.

Marshall McLuhan

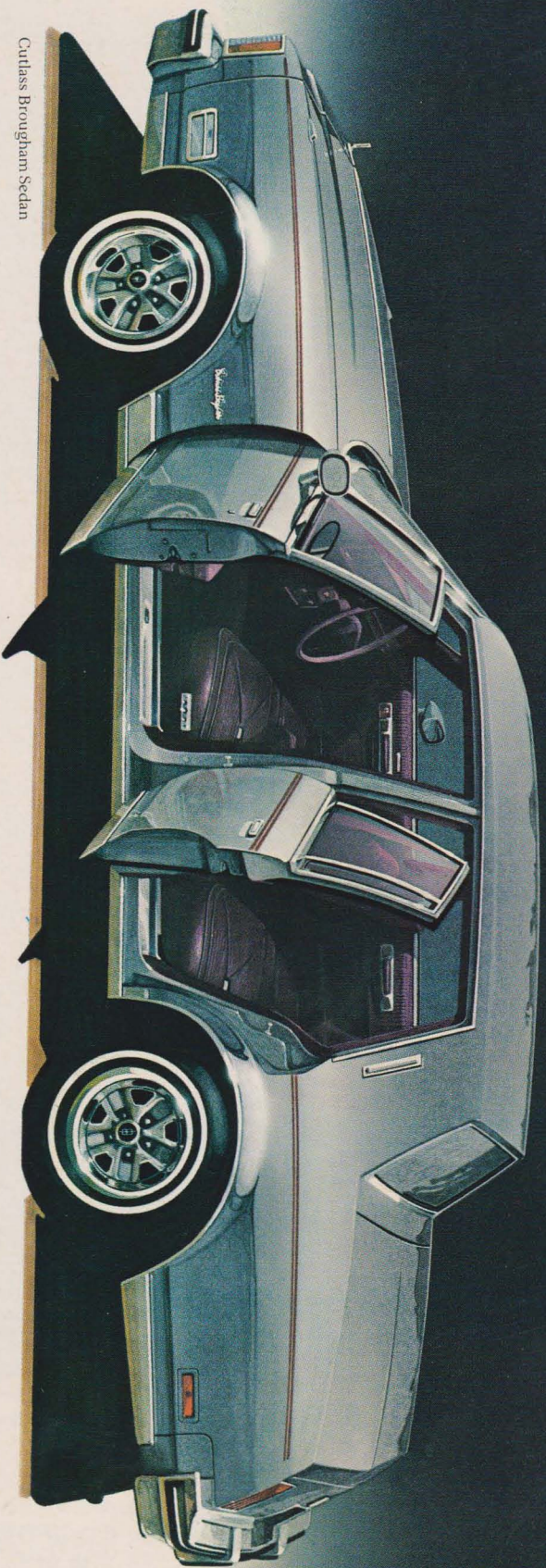


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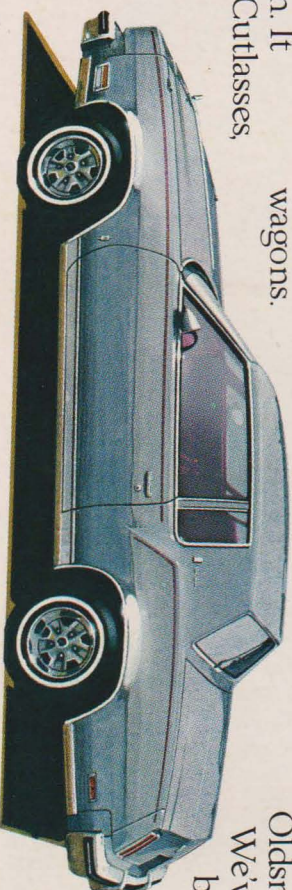
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